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Historical Papers.

SERIES 6.

WHAT OUR SOCIETY MAY DO FOR NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.*

BY JOHN SPENCER BASSETT.

It is more than twelve years since the Trinity College Historical Society was established for the purpose of aiding in the development of North Carolina, and general American, history. It took in the beginning the general purpose of supplementing at this institution the department of history in the creation of a spirit for historical study. Its specific objects have been to collect historical materials, to preserve and display interesting relics of the past, to make and publish researches into our history, and in any other possible way to kindle a spirit for history among the men and women who come within the influence of this training-house of culture. How well it has done these things is not for us to say. But at the beginning of another year it is well for us to go over our own purposes in our own minds and to ask ourselves if there are not some ways in which we can improve the service which we are giving to the common cause. *of history.*

And in the first place what is the nature of the common cause? I answer it is a cause of devotion. We are enlisted in the work of making clear the cause of truth. We are to roll back darkness, first in our minds and then in those of other people. We are set to cause others to see, by the common obligation of all men of mind, namely, the obliga-

*An address before the Trinity College Historical Society, October 13, 1904.

tion to pass on to others the torches which we have been fortunate enough to receive. The task given us is not a matter of our own profit. We shall never see the bread which we cast on the waters come back to us in the form of dollars, or in the shape of dignity or position. At the best we shall never have for any trouble that we may take any other reward than the consciousness that we have stood as men in the places in which we have been placed, and, perchance, that we have placed our own bodies in the breach so that those who come after us may see further into the distance by standing upon them. And yet this is all that we have a right to expect. It is a glorious thing to fill the place into which one's life is put.

But my purpose is not to lay down principles. I want to speak of particulars. I want to discuss the means by which this Society may lay its hands to the task which confronts it.

In the first place, we must recognize our common basis of sympathy and purpose. Not every man at college is, will be, or ever can be, a historian. This is because certain tastes and mental inclinations are embraced in the make-up of a historian. But there are always in our student-body certain men who do have a tendency toward history, just as there are men who lean toward science, and others who lean toward languages, and others who lean toward mathematics. These men who are thus marked out by their natures for the guardians of historical knowledge have it in their power to organize and act together in the most sensible way for the promotion of the best aims of this society. It is to them that I appeal. As for those who do not come within this number—and they will know best of all whether or not they come within it—I have only a sincere godspeed for them in the sphere in which they are more properly called. It is for us others, who are touched with the mania which afflicted Scott's Old Mortality, that I have reserved my appeal. To such ones I

say, Let us reason together. What may we do for the history of our State, and for history in general?

I answer, we can love North Carolina history. It is certainly not the greatest part of history. I should tend to delude you if I told you that we are the greatest people in the union, or in the world. We are certainly a virtuous people, an honest people, kind, generous and true; we make life pleasant for ourselves and for the strangers within our gates. But other people, I think, have had a greater influence on the development of our common country than we. If, therefore, the choice had to be made between the history of the nation and the history of our State, it would be foolishness for me to say take North Carolina history. Fortunately, the choice does not have to be made. There is room enough for all. And when you are reasonably familiar with the history of the nation it is the time for you to go rather deeply into the history of your own State.

Moreover, it is not necessary for ours to be the greatest history for us to love it. We do not love our mother because she is rich, or beautiful, or crowned with the dignity of the world; but because she is our mother. Also, we do not love the history of North Carolina because she is the richest or the most influential of States, but because she is North Carolina. We know, and all the world knows, that she has enough of virtue and enough of achievement to warrant the love of anyone. She has, also, enough of good sense not to demand, or to like, the flattery of her sons. Furthermore, it is no breach of filial respect for us to venture in the spirit of true sonship to tell her the truth.

In the second place, we must be willing to sacrifice for history. We must be willing to sacrifice time, comfort, and money. Results will not come of themselves, let us love never so well. We must have a willingness to put our shoulders under the burden till they pain us from its

heaviness. If there were one hundred men in North Carolina who would agree to give their best and sole charitable efforts to placing the writing of North Carolina history on a proper footing, it would not be ten years before no State in the union should exceed us in this department of our thinking. But they would have to be men of devotion. They would have to be grimly in earnest in their undertaking. They would have to be willing to undergo as frequently as was necessary the expenses of common meetings, the expenses of publication, and the inconveniences of the loss of much time. They would have to give up a notion common to many good people that history is a kind of mania for antiquities, an amusement fit for harmless old men and unmated old women.

People often ask why there is not a vigorous North Carolina Historical Society, like, let us say, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. I think it is because we have, as a people, never been willing to sacrifice ourselves to the necessary extent. We have been willing to have other people do it: we have been willing to try to get the State to do it: but how often have we been willing to tax ourselves for the common burden. If we had in this State a society the members of which must pay an annual fee of not less than five dollars, and if twenty or a hundred men were willing to join on that basis, it would be an indication that there was enough sacrifice in the movement to insure success. In saying this much, I have no intention to underestimate the good intentions of those worthy people who have launched movements for such societies in the past. They have done, no doubt, what was wisest in view of the conditions which confronted them. I merely give this statement as an illustration of what I have in my mind when I seek to impress on your minds the kind of sacrifice which is necessary to build up the great State society which we all must desire to see established.

It is this kind of devotion which we must have if we are

going to make this society the best possible servant of our State. I do not think that it is an impossibility for us at Trinity to set on foot efforts like these in building up our own Society. We are not rich enough to tax ourselves to the extent indicated. It would be a fair test of our sense of sacrifice to put our annual required contribution at one dollar, leaving members to go beyond that as they were able in a voluntary manner. This we ought to do as our absolute duty; but it would be strange if, when we had thus given our own best efforts to the cause, there should not be others who should be willing to share our burdens. But whether there were such persons or not, the task would not be impossible through our own efforts. We are not a weak aggregation of men. We are young, it is true, and most of us poor. But some day we are going to be rich. It would be a strange thing indeed if, out of all the accumulating of wealth which is going to happen in North Carolina in the next twenty-five years, none of it should find its way into the pockets of Trinity men. It is true, also, that when you are out in the world of action you are going to give away various sums of money to objects which appeal to you. It ought not to be too much to hope that in that happy day you will turn back to this hour and remember the needs of this Society. I have faith that if the Society does its duty by North Carolina, you will have the penetration to discover the fact, and discovering it, you will have enough of the old spirit of Trinity to put your gifts here. And if you forget us, then for myself and for those who shall come after you, I will say that we will toil on, in the faith that there is somewhere in the good providence of God the aid which is necessary to give efficiency to our zeal and our hopes.

I should like to give you briefly the story of a certain historical society. It was founded long ago, before the American revolution. It was founded by men who had an abiding faith in themselves as the chosen of God. They

put many small efforts into their work. They brought their gifts as they could. They thriftily husbanded their resources. At last there came a day when the perils of youth had been passed. Then the Massachusetts Historical Society stood as an influential and financially independent institution. They were able to charge no annual fees at all and from their vested funds to have a competent income. They support a generous publication fund; they have a handsome building of their own; and there are not many proper demands on their resources which they are not able to meet without inconvenience. All their success has come out of their willingness to sacrifice for the common object. Not many members of that organization today would be willing to appear at the pearly gates with the consciousness that they had not put the Historical Society into their wills. It is equally true that there are not many historians in America who would not consider it one of the greatest honors which could befall them to be asked to join this society. What this great organization has done in Boston during the past century I see no reason why we should not do in North Carolina, but perhaps on a smaller scale, in the next century.

You will observe that I have spoken several times of a publication fund. It seems to me that no historical society ever more than half lives till it has a publication of historical papers and documents. It is then brought into a vital relation with the general public; for it brings the truth which it may be able to discover to the attention of the world. It makes itself a servant of the hundreds of students in every part of the country who are trying to reconstruct historical truth. It aids also very vitally the life of the very society which conducts the publication; for how better can one stimulate the writing of history than by offering to persons who have it in them to write the inducement of ready and respectable vehicles of reaching the reading world. The "itch for publication" has

been responsible, no doubt, for the appearance of much formless and heavy historical literature; but it has stimulated to authorship far more persons who would not otherwise have begun to write than it has wearied of the class who read. And for the reader who does not desire to peruse such books there is always the ready relief of not reading them.

Next to historical workers our Society needs, I think, a fund the proceeds of which shall be irrevocably fixed for purposes of publication. If it ever fulfils its best purposes it must have that fund. As to how to get it, that is a matter of careful consideration. At present it seems safe to say that a fund of \$2,000 well invested would give us the desired results. It might well be larger; but if we could raise that much we should make a creditable beginning. How long do you think it ought to take us to raise that much among ourselves? Would it take five years or ten years? I do not know; but I think I know this, that it is absolutely necessary that we raise it. I mean that as a society we cannot afford to be without at least this much. And if we do not raise it within five years, we shall have to raise it within ten, and if not within ten then it must come within fifteen—or we must fall short of our opportunity. What shall we do? We have already decided to raise the sum. We shall begin this year; for if we do not begin this year we shall have to begin next year. We shall raise as much as we can now. But what we raise we shall save with the greed of a miser. Next year we shall raise some more. Some day we shall have the required amount. It may come after you and I shall have been gathered to the dust of our fathers, but we will put such a spirit of sacrifice into this Society that it can never forget our hopes till they are fully realized. We shall live in our successors; and as for ourselves, we shall be so full of the spirit that we are creating that wherever we go we shall remember to send back to the old mother of our

historical aspirations as liberal contributions as our means will allow. We shall say to the constant importunity of charity—and it will always importune us—“No, I have another cause in which I am enlisted, I and a band of devoted ones, and my gifts are reserved for it. Go you to those who are not so engaged.”

Our Historical Society ought to be a life affair with most of us. We are going to various places in life's struggle. We ought to carry with us a thread of affection which will always bind us to this work. Our best work for North Carolina history cannot be done in college. Here we can only hope to form a taste for research, or to discover a liking for it. As we get more mature we shall see more certainly the call to each of us to write something. Happy shall we be if we shall have cultivated through the intervening time that first impulse which came to us at college.

There are a hundred phases of our history which need to be written, if the men of sufficient earnestness and capacity should present themselves to undertake the tasks. Will you get ready to undertake some of them? Train yourselves well now. Make historians of yourselves gradually and without discouragement. It is the work of an aristocrat in the sphere of the mind. It will bring you rich rewards in the approval of your own conscience. There will be those in the future who seek out the good deeds of this generation, and in their reckoning up of things you will not be forgotten. We historians, if I may class myself where I want to be, have an advantage over all other people. We get the last word at everybody. And we are a clannish set. We love to preserve the memories of our brethren. Would you like to join the ranks, and insure that our successors will write you down among the immortals? You need not hesitate. I assure you that men of less worth than any of you are there writ down, and will continue to be so till the end of historical research.

In 1710 there was in North Carolina a man named John Lawson. He was not the most brilliant man who met around the boards of the magnates of the shores of the Albemarle. Other men were as witty, others were as well dressed, others were as well liked for companionship. We know not if he had his peculiarities; but I should not wonder if he had them and if there were not men in that region at that day who sneered at the queer things that Lawson did. They sneer at such men as he today. But Lawson had his innings. He wrote a book. Many men were in the colony who could have written it; but he alone wrote it. Today he has a permanent place in the memory of all North Carolinians; and the bodies of the venison-stuffed scoffers who spoke loftily of "poor old Lawson" have long ago been transformed into green grass, which in turn has passed into piney-woods steer, and from there the Lord only knows where they have gone. So far as the world knows they were as important in the form of green grass or brindled steer as in the form in which they passed their contemptuous judgments about the peculiarities of Lawson, the historian. What will be known of you a hundred years from today when the stone at your grave shall have crumbled and your own body shall have been resolved into chemical elements in which it existed before the food you ate for breakfast this morning had passed into beef, and wheat, and breakfast-food? Your fate is to be as you wish.

To sum up what I have said; this is my conception of the duty of this society to North Carolina history. It is to love it, to sacrifice for it, to organize for it, to build a publication fund for it,—rapidly if we can, slowly if we must,—and finally to write for it. Some of us may do all of these, all of us may do most of them. May we not hope that out of the large number of young men who pass from these halls every year to fields of labor in this State there will be found a tithe which shall pay their vows at the

shrine of our State's history? May we not hope that they will form a Trinity group of historians who shall be known for their good work and their pride of allegiance to the society in which their aspirations had birth? Such a group I would have you become, generous and fair in regard to other groups, but loyal with the old Trinity loyalty in regard to ourselves. If you should become this, whatever else you may become, you cannot fail to create the strongest positive force for our historical uplift that, in my judgment, has ever existed in this State.

**AN EDITORIAL FROM THE TRINITY COLLEGE ARCHIVE
NOVEMBER, 1904.**

All historical minded people should read with interest the paper by Dr. Bassett in this number. Attention is especially called to the purpose of the Trinity College Historical Society to establish a publication fund, as mentioned in the article. The Historical Society has in its possession a large number of documents and papers which, if printed, could be used by students of history elsewhere and would be of great value to them. It desires to publish these documents and others that it is continually receiving, and appeals to all who are interested in the history of North Carolina to contribute to the establishment of a fund which shall be used perpetually for this purpose. Below is an extract from the society's constitution which will show under what conditions the fund will be raised and managed.

"ARTICLE IV. SECTION 1. The Society shall create and build up a Publication Fund the interest on which shall be used for no other purpose than historical publication. This fund shall be invested under the supervision of the authorities of Trinity College. It shall be allowed to accumulate until such time as the Society shall deem proper for beginning a publication.

"SEC 2. All funds received from the membership fees of non-resident members shall go to the publication fund, and at least half of the amount received from the membership fees of resident members shall go to the said publication fund.

"SEC. 3. Any person who contributes as much as ten dollars at one time shall be made a life-member of the Society with no further dues to pay.

"SEC. 4. The Society shall appoint a responsible person who shall act as Agent for the Publication Fund."

Dr. J. C. Kilgo, president of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., has been designated as agent, to whom contributions may be sent.

THE MANUFACTURE OF TOBACCO IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY A. B. BRADSHER.

The markets for the bright leaf tobacco are nearly always in the near-by city or town. Warehouses are erected in the centers of large tobacco-growing districts. There is much strife among the towns to get the location of the warehouses, because the daily sale of large quantities of leaf turns much money loose and the town's general business is thereby benefited. Many towns in North Carolina owe their very existence to that of the warehouses therein. A quotation from a writer on the subject will give some idea of the commercial importance of these:

"Within the past ten years eight markets for the sale of tobacco have been established in as many different towns in the ten counties constituting the 'new golden leaf belt' of North Carolina. These towns contain twenty warehouses of spacious size. Upon the floor of each of these may be seen daily from 15,000 to 50,000 lbs. of bright tobacco."

The ordinary warehouse is constructed with plenty of floor space and plenty of light from above and on all sides. Many warehouse concerns use the number of square feet of skylights in their advertisements. Attached to the sides is a driveway, covered with some kind of roof, arranged so that wagons can easily be unloaded to the floor and may also be loaded from it. The floor of this driveway is somewhat lower (something like three feet) than the main floor.

The tobacco is taken from the wagons, placed on a broad truck, in a round pile, with the heads outward and the tails toward the center. This is wheeled upon the scales, where it is weighed. Here a tag bearing the weight of the pile and the name of the planter is placed in a cleft stick and the stick in turn placed in the top of the tobacco.

For a treatment of Tobacco Culture in North Carolina by the same author see *The Trinity Archive*, April, 1905.

The pile is then put in the place allotted it in the long rows of piles on the floor. A farmer puts all of his tobacco together in one row. This accomplished, the tobacco is ready for the auction, and the owner, should the bid not be satisfactory, has the right to reject it and may sell again as he wishes.

The charges for handling loose tobacco in this character are not burdensome. For weighing each pile the fee is ten or fifteen cents. The auction fee is ten or fifteen cents per hundred pounds, and if more than a hundred pounds the fee is set at twenty-five cents. Then in addition there is a commission of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the amount of the sale, which is the warehouse charge.

On auction day the floor is crowded with buyers, farmers, and others who have the sale less in concern. The auctioneer is the center of attraction. He starts off in a whoop and holds out remarkably well, uttering not a single word that is audible to an unpracticed ear. In the meantime buyers are pulling out bundles from the piles, examining them and bidding (the latter mostly by signs). As fast as a pile is sold a clerk takes down the price and the buyer's name, and marks the grade for the buyer according to his direction. Following the sale is a crowd of hands for each buyer, taking up the tobacco in large square baskets, four feet long and wide and something like six inches deep. These filled, they are hauled to various prize houses, redrying plants, and factories. An auction sale of tobacco is one of hustle and motion. Often 150 sales will be made in an hour. In a town of some size, where there is more than one warehouse, one sale follows another. The warehouses have a regulated system by which they sell, one having first sale one day, another the next, and so on. A certain hour is fixed at which the bids must be cashed. Failure to comply with this rule puts the buyer on the black list and his purchasing power is at an end. The farmer goes to the office in the building,

14 MANUFACTURE OF TOBACCO IN NORTH CAROLINA.

gets his money, less the handling and selling commission, and goes his way.

The following are the principal markets of North Carolina in their relative importance, with an approximate amount sold annually by each :*

| | | | |
|------------------|------------|--------------------|------------|
| Winston..... | 22,500,000 | Wilson..... | 22,000,000 |
| Kinston..... | 18,000,000 | Greenville..... | 12,000,000 |
| Rocky Mount..... | 10,000,000 | Durham..... | 7,000,000 |
| Oxford..... | 6,500,000 | Henderson..... | 5,500,000 |
| Reidsville..... | 5,000,000 | Louisburg..... | 4,500,000 |
| Goldsboro..... | 4,000,000 | Smithfield..... | 3,500,000 |
| Greensboro..... | 3,000,000 | Mt. Airy..... | 3,000,000 |
| Roxboro..... | 3,000,000 | Robersonville..... | 3,000,000 |
| Ashpole..... | 3,000,000 | Lumberton..... | 2,500,000 |

There are many more markets scattered over the State of less importance, which, on account of lack of importance, are omitted.

(From the warehouse the tobacco is taken either to a redrying plant, or to a prize house where it is packed in hogsheads and shipped to one. The redrying machines are comparatively modern inventions and are one of the greatest time, labor and money savers in the business. Before these machines came into use the tobacco was either hung in frames in prize houses and there dried by the air, or was thrown, heads and tails, in large heaps upon the floor and dried by a continual shaking up with pitchforks. Both took much time, labor and space. But now the tobacco is practically all dried by machinery. This drying machine consists of a series of rooms in which are placed coils of steam pipes with valves attached to regulate the heat, and through which passes either a broad belt or a stick chain. This belt is made of galvanized wire net and it is upon this that the tobacco to be dried is placed. It is placed across the belt in regular order, with the heads pointing forward. Two negroes are usually

*These estimates kindly furnished by Mr. J. S. Cobb.

employed in putting the tobacco on this belt. The belt takes it directly into a highly heated chamber, and then it goes from one to the other until some three or four are passed, all of which are heated at from 150 to 170 degrees. When it passes from the last hot room (and by this time it is thoroughly dry) it goes into a cooling room and thence into an ordering room, where it receives enough moisture from steam to make it capable of being handled. In each of the sections of the drier there is a fan, circular in shape, some six or eight feet in diameter, which revolves with great rapidity, giving a uniform heat and circulation in each section.

✓ From the steaming room the tobacco passes out of the machine and is taken off the apron (belt) and packed in hogsheads by either screws or hydraulic presses. The hogsheads are then nailed up and numbered, and the grade, year of crop, and weights stenciled upon the ends. The hogsheads are next placed in storage, where they remain for some one, two, or three years, new tobacco being very little used in manufacturing. The hogsheads are packed in storage, two, three and four deep. Thus with about 1,000 pounds in each hogshead, a great amount of tobacco can be stored in a comparatively small space. Tobacco is redried in four cities in North Carolina, namely, Greenville, Kinston, Winston and Durham. The drier in Durham, which contains four machines of large capacity, is the largest of its kind in the world. The machines which have the belts can dry from 17,000 to 22,000 pounds per day. The stick machines, which use the same heating apparatus, but have the tobacco hung on sticks, can dry from 40,000 to 50,000 pounds per day, and there are two of each kind in the establishment spoken of.

The tobacco improves with age in color and sweetness, and when it is taken out it goes with little delay to the consumer.

The tobaccos manufactured in North Carolina, as a rule,



find their final form in either chewing or smoking tobacco, snuff or cigarettes. Some cigars are made also, but few. Of these I shall treat of the plug, or chewing, tobaccos first.)

The tobacco is first picked, bundle by bundle. These are then sprinkled with water and when they are high in order the bundles are untied and picked leaf by leaf, assorted and separated into the different grades suitable for the different brands manufactured.

These leaves are then steamed, and when thoroughly moist are stemmed (a process of removing the midrib.) Following this process is the "casing," or flavoring process. These flavorings are cooked in large cisterns and are sprinkled on the tobacco uniformly. The flavoring is composed of alcoholic liquors, licorice, etc. This is the secret of all manufacturers, and much of the popularity of the brands depends upon this part of the manufacture. These flavored strips are then passed over a series of heated rollers, which presses the surplus flavoring out, and thoroughly dried, but are re-ordered and packed in bulk until needed. The next step is to weigh the tobacco, enough at a time to make a plug, when it is in turn placed in a shaper, which gives the desired size and form to the brand. These plugs are then wrapped by experienced men. The wrappers of the plugs are carefully selected as to color and character of leaf so that all plugs of the same brand will look alike. These plugs are then dried and packed in iron boxes, where they are pressed and creased. Hydraulic pressure is used, and while they are under pressure they are put in gums and allowed to sweat or ferment—some slightly, others under a longer process. After the fermentation process they are taken out, carefully inspected and the perfect ones tagged and packed in boxes. When the boxes are filled, enough pressure to put the heads in is used. When this is done they are branded with name, size of plug and the gross and net weights on each box.

A groove is placed on each box, in which the government stamp must be placed, varnished and canceled. The boxes are strapped four or five together and are then ready for shipment.

Snuff is the second article the manufacture of which I shall take up. There are five kinds made in the United States, but of only two shall I speak, since only these are either used or made in North Carolina. These two are "Scotch" and sweet snuff, both of which are the dipping variety. The two are very much alike in manufacture, the one exception being that the sweet snuff is flavored with some preparation of licorice before the tobacco is ground.

"The material used for making Scotch snuff consists of a heavy, dark tobacco of medium grade and good 'fatty lugs.' It is before use stored away for at least two years. It is then taken out bundle by bundle and passed through a cutter, stems and all, which yields a coarsely cut product. It is then packed in hogsheads and made to go through three states of fermentation, requiring on an average about six weeks. Through each state it is arrested by exposure to air. After this, the tobacco is thoroughly dried and then passed into the pulverizing machines, which are a series of mills, each of which has three heavy iron rollers rubbing against a concave face of a hemispherical iron vessel, the pulverized tobacco being discharged at an opening in the bottom. From these machines it is passed upon a bolting cloth not unlike that in a flour mill. Thence it is passed into a machine, where it is packed automatically in packages ready for custom trade."

The granulated tobacco plays the leading role in the manufacture in North Carolina. The tobacco which goes into the make-up of a brand of smoking tobacco is of several grades. The hogsheads of the different grades are taken to the cutting room and stripped. Here the tobacco is fed into the cutters and is coarsely cut. It is then flavored and passed into a granulator. When it passes from

the granulator it is sieved and redried and then is ready to be packed for sale. The casing used is composed of larkabeau sugar, alcoholic liquors, etc.

This is an interesting process. The tobacco is fed into the hoppers above the machine room and comes down through pipes, is automatically weighed, packed, stamped and labeled. Three hands are employed on each machine. One puts the cotton sacks on the shape which receives the tobacco, another ties the sacks, and one has general management of the machine. The ease and rapidity with which these sacks are tied is marvelous. These machines turn out from fourteen to twenty sacks per minute, or from ten to fifteen hundred per day. From these machines the sacks are packed in cartoons, and they, in turn, in wooden cases, usually of twenty-five pounds each, but sometimes of fifty, and less often in hundred pound cases.

The manufacture of cigarettes requires more judgment, skill and experience than any line heretofore mentioned. All tobacco used in cigarette-making has to be stemmed. The strips are run through a "casing," or flavoring, machine, and then are run directly into the cutters. The machines are so constructed that the tobacco, which is very high in order, is cut in long shreds. The tobacco is run under a blade in the form of a hard "cheese," which is made by the compression of two metal chain belts which run together as they approach the blade. The blade has a vertical motion and cuts a shaving from the cheese with each downward stroke. From this machine the tobacco is run through a revolving drier and thence through a cylindrical dresser, which separates the shreds, and is then stored away until needed in the machine room.

In the cigarette machine the finished product is made. The tobacco is spread uniformly upon a small canvass belt to the machine and this feeds the tobacco evenly into the continuous stream of paper which goes through the machine. The tobacco is rolled into shape, pasted, cut off the right length, and comes out ready for packing. This

machine also stamps the name of the brand of tobacco on the cigarette. These machines turn out from 200 to 250 cigarettes per minute. These are inspected and the perfect ones packed in pasteboard boxes, some brands twenty, but mostly ten, in a box. These small boxes are packed in larger pasteboard boxes, fifty and above to the box, and these in turn packed in wooden cases for shipment.

There are some few cigars made in North Carolina, but not in large enough quantities to have any large or well-equipped establishment. They are made by hand, as a rule, and of a tobacco not grown hereabouts.

The manufacture of strips is a process which is growing in North Carolina on account of the export trade. Especially is this true of the British-American stemmery at Durham. Here tobacco is stemmed for both domestic and foreign trade. This process is the taking of a large portion of the midrib from the tobacco leaf. The tobacco is steamed to a high state of moisture, which makes the stems easily selectable from the leaf. It is stemmed leaf by leaf and the strips are passed through the drier and then packed in hogsheads. The tobacco is packed dry, especially that for export trade, owing to the import duty on tobacco, for the tax on water is the same as that on the tobacco. This is also one reason why the tobacco is stemmed in this country. It is packed in hogsheads, from 850 to 1,000 pounds per hogshead.

The tobacco manufacturing towns in North Carolina are Durham, Winston-Salem, Wilson, Reidsville, Mt. Airy and Statesville.

In Durham are situated the cigarette factory of the Export Branch of the American Tobacco Co.; the two smoking tobacco concerns, W. Duke, Sons & Co., and Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., of the American Tobacco Company; the stemmeries of the British-American Tobacco Company, and the Carrington Cigar Co.

In Winston-Salem are the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Brown & Williamson, Liipfert, Scales & Co., Bailey Bros.,

Taylor Bros., Ogburn, Hill & Co., Whitaker-Harvey Co., E. L. Lockett, A. H. Bodenhamer, M. L. Ogburn & Co., S. A. Ogburn, F. M. Bohannon, Kerner Bros., and others. These factories put up plug, chewing and smoking tobacco. The city of Winston leads in the output of plug and comes second in the total number of pounds of tobacco manufactured in North Carolina.

Some little plug tobacco is manufactured in Mt. Airy and Reidsville. The manufacturers in Mt. Airy are the Prather & Whitlock Co. and the Hadley-Smith Co., with one or two others. Those of Reidsville are the F. R. Penn Tobacco Co., Robt. Harris & Bro., A. H. Motley Tobacco Co., and D. F. King.

Wilson, the newest tobacco manufacturing town in the State, confines its manufactures to smoking tobacco and cigarettes. The principal concern there is the Wells-Whitehead Co.

Statesville also manufactures some little tobacco, but has in the past few years declined in output and importance, and is still on that plane. Leaksville, too, is among the minor manufacturing towns of the State.

The cigar factories are scattered all over the State, the most important being the branch of the American Cigar Co. at Greensboro. There are two small ones at Charlotte, one in Elizabeth City, and some three or four in Winston.

The following tables taken from the 1900 census will show the comparative output of North Carolina with other States in the Union in different lines:

| State | Smoking | State | Plug |
|---------------------|------------|---------------------|------------|
| North Carolina..... | 17,239,357 | Missouri..... | 72,423,982 |
| New York..... | 1,366,138 | Kentucky..... | 72,423,982 |
| Maryland..... | 10,399,748 | North Carolina..... | 24,144,270 |

| State | Pounds Tobacco | Cigars | Cigarettes |
|---------------------|----------------|------------|----------------|
| North Carolina..... | 306,464 | 17,370,874 | |
| North Carolina..... | 2,064,831 | | 649,314,810 |
| New York..... | 20,871,600 | | 17,421,167,950 |
| Virginia..... | 3,565,975 | | 7,429,133,030 |

A total of 43,804,731 pounds manufactured in North Carolina.

Owing to the inability to secure statistics it is impossible to give the output by cities, but Durham is the largest smoking tobacco town in the world.

The total valuation for the output of North Carolina for the year 1900 was \$16,751,383. When one looks at this and realizes that this much wealth is produced from the soil and enterprise of the Old North State, it dawns upon him that tobacco has done no little thing for this State. Credit may be given to tobacco for the existence and maintenance of some of North Carolina's most thriving cities. So, looking at the tobacco industry from the commercial point of view, we have a continuous shower of blessings.

MAJOR W. A. GRAHAM.

BY URAL HOFFMAN.

In the Old North State there are a number of men who, while they rise head and shoulders above their fellow men in their immediate community, are not known as they should be throughout the State. They may never climb very high on the ladder of fame, but the services which they are giving their commonwealth should not be overlooked.

One such person is Major William Alexander Graham, of Lincoln County, a leader and promoter of every worthy undertaking of his county. He belongs to the very distinguished family of Scotch-Irish Grahams whose civil and political services have been so valuable to North Carolina. His grandfather was General Joseph Graham who served so brilliantly in the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812 and who, subsequent to the Revolution, took an energetic part in the political enactments of the State. His father was the Hon. W. A. Graham, who was United States Senator from North Carolina from 1840 to 1843, Governor of the State from 1845 to 1849, Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore, and who is esteemed by some as "the greatest man produced by North Carolina."

Major Graham was born at what was then the small village of Hillsborough, in Orange County, December 26, 1839. His youthful days gave promise of a bright future and he was given a thorough preparation for college at schools in Hillsboro, Raleigh and Washington, D. C., and at the early age of seventeen he registered at the University of North Carolina. Here he remained for three years, at the end of which time he left to continue his studies at Princeton. He was graduated there in 1860, and spent the following year teaching. It was at this time that he removed from his old home at Hillsboro to his grandfather's old colonial mansion in Lincoln County where he resides at present in a fine country residence, which was built in 1894 to replace his grandfather's home which was destroyed by fire.

But his stay in his new home was short, for as soon as the war between the States broke out he returned to Hillsboro and enlisted in the Orange County Cavalry, Company K, 2nd N. C. Cavalry. He was immediately elected first lieutenant, and afterwards succeeded Josiah Turner as captain. His first service was in eastern North Carolina, on the Neuse river. From here he was soon transferred to Virginia, and in the spring of 1863 he joined the cavalry division of the army of northern Virginia. With it he served till the battle of Gettysburg where, on July 3, he was disabled by a wound received while leading his regiment. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, Governor Vance appointed him major and assistant adjutant-general of North Carolina, which position he held to the close of the war.

Though short, Mr. Graham's military career was notable. On May 13, in what is known as Foscue's Skirmish, in Jones County, this State, with only forty Confederate soldiers, he defeated a brigade of the enemy composed of three thousand men. For the bravery displayed in this action, he was complimented in general orders from district headquarters. He also won distinction because of the successful charge he led against the Union forces at Brandy Station.

North Carolina holds the honor of being "First at Bethel, farthest to the front at Gettysburg and Chicamauga, and last at Appomattox," and Mr. Graham has the honorable, unique and enviable distinction of being the last North Carolinian to give up his position of service to the Southern Confederacy.

As he made himself conspicuous in military affairs, so he has done in politics. But this distinction has not come from his being a scheming manipulator or "boss," but rather from the firm stand he has always taken against just such men. His conservatism has been the cause of his defeat several times. In 1867 he was nominated by the Conservatives as their candidate to the Reconstruction Convention, but failed of election. In this campaign he was strongly

opposed to the enfranchisement of the negro, and though the negro did obtain possession of the ballot, opposition to such still smouldered in his breast, blazing out again in 1900, when he was an earnest worker in the campaign for white supremacy.

In 1874, and again in '78, he was nominated and unanimously elected State Senator from his district, comprising Lincoln and Gaston counties. In the Senate chamber he went actively into the proceedings, and through his advocacy a number of bills of great benefit to the farmers were passed. One such measure was the law prohibiting the deduction of two pounds from each bale of cotton—a law that has saved millions of dollars to the farmers. Another important bill passed through his instrumentality was the law allowing verbal contracts. Furthermore, it was on his motion that the act for the sale of the Western North Carolina Railroad was so amended as to secure for the convict labor furnished by the State to the purchasers the \$500,000 which paid the State tax in 1885.

For upwards of twenty years Mr. Graham has been active in the democratic council chamber, always ready to do all in his power for his party. When Lieutenant-Governor Jarvis was elevated to the governorship by the election of Vance to the United States Senate, Major Graham lacked only two votes in the democratic caucus of being made president of the State Senate. The latest honor at his party's hands is his election to the House of Representatives from Lincoln County.

On June 8, 1864, he was married to Miss Julia B. Lane, of Amelia County, Virginia. This union was the culmination of one of the many romances of the war between the States by which a large number of the fair daughters of the Old Dominion were transferred to other States. To them have been born nine daughters and two sons. Their companionship has been, as it were, an unbroken chain of happiness, and their home is noted for its open-hearted hospitality and welcome—a happy survival of ante-bellum days.

Though a born soldier and legislator Mr. Graham is an all-round good farmer—one of the few who keep abreast of the times. He owned the first double-footed plow used in the county; the first cotton gin, with condenser, west of the Catawba river, and the first separator. During the existence, in this State, of the Grange, an association devoted to the promotion of agricultural interests, he was an active member. In 1888 he united with the Farmers' Alliance and still retains his membership. He steadfastly refused to follow some of the leaders in the prostitution of the order to partisan political purposes, but with a few others held it to the purposes for which it was originally organized. He was the formulator and inaugurator of the plan of the Business Agency of the North Carolina Farmers' Alliance, which is still in operation, being the only practical business affair developed from the Alliance movement in the entire United States. Of this agency's fund, which guarantees the contracts of the agency, he was elected trustee. At the expiration of his present term he will have held this position for twenty years.

Mr. Graham is also an author of no mean repute. As such he has made some very valuable contributions toward the recording of North Carolina history. His greatest work is entitled, "General Joseph Graham and his Revolutionary Papers." Not only does it cover the life and labors of his renowned ancestor but it gives a very full account of numerous Revolutionary events in this State that no other historian has been able to investigate so well. Without doubt the most complete and trustworthy record of the battle of Ransour's Mill is a paper from his pen, which was published in the second number of the fourth volume of the North Carolina Booklet. In addition to these two works he has written the history of the 2nd North Carolina Cavalry, and of the South Fork Association of the Baptist Church.

In religion the Major is a Baptist, and is an active participant in all the work of his church. For more than thirty

years he has been connected with the mission board of the South Fork Association, and has served as its Moderator since its organization in 1878. Mr. Graham has also presided over several sessions of the North Carolina Baptist Conventions and is regarded as a presiding officer of unusual capacity.

Personally Mr. Graham presents a very prepossessing appearance. He stands six feet high and is very corpulent, weighing two hundred and seventy-eight pounds. His face always beams with characteristic Irish humor, and his blue eyes sparkle with genial wit. His soft, musical chuckle is very contagious, and his joke or reminiscence of the war is invariably enjoyed by the hearer. Though nearing the three score and ten mark, he is still hale and happy and strong.

OLD DURHAM TRADITIONS.

EDITED BY JOHN SPENCER BASSETT.

Durham county is of recent origin, but the remarkably rapid development of its population, both as to numbers and as to changes in manner of living, serves to remove to a long distance from the present the customs and traditions of the region in the days when the county had not been thought of. Most of the people who remember the former days are now old, and it is but natural to expect that they will soon pass out of the world. It would, therefore, be proper if some one who has the true history of the community at heart would concern himself to gather up all the facts and interesting stories of the by-gone days and put them in printed and accessible form for the use and delectation of posterity. It is in something of this spirit that some of the members of the Trinity College Historical Society have undertaken to gather what they may of the general nature indicated, and in this number of *THE ARCHIVE* they give some of the results of their labors. Other results, it is hoped, may follow this group of stories, till the whole nature of Durham's past may be brought vividly before the present and future denizen of the place.

THE PEELERS.

On the newly macadamized road which runs from Durham westward past the Erwin Cotton Mill, at a spot two hundred yards or more below the point at which the county road passes under the railroad, is a place which has a certain weird interest for those people who like to know the legends of the past. It is known as the Redmond Place, and because of a fine spring of clear water it is frequently visited by some Durham people who have never heard of the dark traditions concerning it which have come down in the minds of old people in the

community. Seventy years and more ago this place belonged to a family by the name of Peeler. They were people of poor social standing, and many dark stories were told to the discredit of its members, both male and female. They pretended to keep an inn and sold spirituous liquor, as was the custom in most inns of the day, and uproarious times were often witnessed in the small house which has long since fallen into decay. At that time the road ran close to the house, and traces of the old roadway are still to be seen.

Mr. H. A. Neal, who lives less than a half mile from the place, has collected the facts about the Peelers. He says:

"When my grandmother moved into the neighborhood about fifty or more years ago, there were some old Rhodes women near the place who had known the Peelers. They told her that Ben. Peeler took in travelers and very often killed them. They said that more than one had been known to go there and had never been seen afterwards. Tradition asserts that he disposed of the bodies of his victims in an old well which people now living have pointed out. He had a pasture on a creek southwest of his house in which he always kept several horses. He often carried horses to Raleigh for sale, and the supposition was that he killed his guests in order to get their mounts. There were two girls and the family was very wild.

"The grandson of one of the old ladies (Mrs. Rhodes) says that she has heard his grandmother speak of the Peelers, but only remembers that there were two boys, and one of them was called 'Pet-Tich-Eye,' the other 'Red-Wine.'

"An old gentleman, Alvis Neal, says that Ben. Peeler had a wife, and the family left the Redmond Place when he was small. He had never heard of their killing

people, but they had the reputation of being a very bad family.

"Another old gentleman, Turner Browning, says there were two families of Peelers. Ben. Peeler lived at the Redmond Place, and took in travelers, the other family lived about half a mile further down the road near a cross-roads. This place is now sometimes called Peeler's Cross-roads."

History is not concerned with proving whether or not Ben. Peeler really did kill travelers for their horses, or whether or not he or his family were really bad people; but it does like to know what fancies of the horrible or the fearful hung around the beautiful Redmond Spring of the present day in the minds of the people of this neighborhood seventy-five years ago. Perhaps some poet of the future, or some writer of romance, may be able to give us in a form true to the spirit of the day the story of the adventures of "Pet-Tich-Eye" and his uproarious brother who boasted the name of "Red-Wine."

THE CORNWALLIS ROAD.

To the people of North Carolina from 1776 till the recent Civil War, the most striking incident in the history of the State was the coming of Cornwallis in 1780 and 1781. Other events were probably more important, but here was a genuine adventure. It came with the glare of war, it swept over the whole breadth of the State, it settled to a large extent the fate of the revolution, and it brought into the bounds of North Carolina one of the few world figures who ever visited it. In the numerous traditions which have come down from this visit it is clear that the people did not treasure any hard feelings for his coming or his going. Stories are found in abundance which relate some kindly action of the British commander.

One of the commonest traditions of Cornwallis's

march is to point out some road which he is locally believed to have traveled. There are, perhaps, few counties in the State which have not such a road. I have heard of such a tradition in the neighborhood of Raleigh, and in the northern part of Granville, and in Durham county there is a road which is generally believed to have been used by Cornwallis. Yet the route by which he came is minutely described in his own letters and in the account which his lieutenant, Tarleton, wrote and published, with a large detailed map of his journeying. In the light of such evidence it is possible to say that the British general visited neither of the three localities named.

The road in Durham county which tradition calls "the Cornwallis Road" is found about four miles south of Durham and runs in a northwesterly direction to Hillsboro. It is now unused in most of its parts. When I first saw it my companion called my attention to the fact that it was an old military road, built after the ancient fashion which took no notice of grades. It was, in fact, not till the year 1800 that Telford convinced English people that in building roads it was better to go around a hill than to climb over it, and all the earlier English military roads were built on the principle that the shortest distance between points is a straight line. Now it happens that there is recorded evidence that in another campaign, and one nearly as famous as that of Cornwallis, a road was built through this very region—a military road, too—and there is not much doubt that it is this road which popular tradition has ascribed to Lord Cornwallis.

In 1771, when Gov. Tryon determined to restore order and obedience to law in the region inhabited by the Regulators, he marched with an army from New Bern to Hillsboro. He proceeded up the Neuse to Johnston Court House, where he halted for a few days. Thence

he proceeded to Hunter's Lodge in the forest of the newly formed county of Wake, about four miles south of the site of Raleigh, and here he halted again, calling the reluctant Wake militia to rally around his standard. A respectable number of them came, some willingly and some unwillingly, and the governor moved on toward Hillsboro. Till that time no good road had been made through the unsettled wilderness to the westward. Only a bridle path marked the way and this was not practicable for the artillery and the baggage wagons. Tryon, therefore, cut a new road straight to the neighborhood of Hillsboro, calling it "Ramsgate Road." The name survives in the vicinity to this day, but the popular mind has modified it into "Ramcat," and a part of this "Ramcat Road" is still in use. The road which Durham tradition points out as Cornwallis's is probably that laid out by Tryon. It ought to be called Tryon's road, or—to follow his own preference—"The Ramsgate Road."

Another historic road in Durham county is a part of the old Trading Path, which ran from the James river at Bermuda Hundred to the Catawba Indians, near Charlotte. It was the first route of travel through this part of the country, so far as we know, and it was in use as early as the middle of the 17th century, that is to say at the time when the first settlers were finding homes on the shores of the Albemarle Sound. Possibly it was established along a line first marked out by the Indians in their tribal wanderings. At this time it was used frequently by the traders who went out to the Indians for Colonel Thomas Stegg the elder. He was a man of means, and the business he built up fell to his grandson, the first William Byrd, who continued it in the old manner. Byrd's son, William Byrd the second, has given us a definite account of the Trading Path. It crossed the Roanoke river at Moniseep Ford,

about a mile west of the point at which the river crosses the North Carolina boundary line, curved southward through Granville county, passing westward through what is now Durham county to the town of Hillsboro, thence across the Haw by what is known as the Haw Old Fields, thence by the site of Graham, across Alamance river at the famous battlefield, to the Yadkin at Trading Ford—nearly north of Salisbury—thence south to the Catawba Indians on the Catawba river. The route is clearly traced on the map in Tarleton's *Campaign* where the old pioneer's path though now a great highway, was still called in certain places the Trading Path.

That part which passed through Durham county entered it at a point opposite the little station of Green's, on the O. & C. Railroad, passed westward near Williardsville on the railroad to Roxboro and thence to Hillsboro. It was long a favored road between Granville county and Hillsboro and was used as the regular means of wagoning to Petersburg, Va., till the R. & G. Railway was built. It traversed that part of the country which lies about ten miles north of Durham. Will not some local antiquarian take upon himself the task of locating this old road exactly? And that done, will not some funds be raised for erecting memorials along its course by which men who pass may understand that this was the artery through which pulsed the first blood of civilization in these parts?

THE PINHOOK SETTLEMENT

BY W. S. LOCKHART

The student of history has long ago learned that the situation of a country and the nature of the soil are large factors in determining the character of a people. This is especially true of the section in which Durham is situated. The city is built on a low ridge which serves as a watershed between the Eno and the Neuse

on the north, and New Hope creek, which is a tributary of the Cape Fear, on the south. As might be expected the soil is poor and unsuited to the cultivation of most crops that a pioneer would be likely to raise. So a student is likely to conclude that in the early settlement of the country this section would not be taken up by the first settlers. The more fertile tracts along the New Hope on the south and the Eno and Neuse on the west and north attracted the new home-seekers and the land lying between them was for some time left vacant. Later on, when the settlements became more thickly populated, the shiftless were pushed out of the fertile acres and came into this poor section of country and built themselves homes. As all know, the shiftless and poor are liable to give way to the less refined forms of vice and we find the people of this section no exception to the rule. Also it is likely that the vicious element from adjacent sections drifted into such places as this, being spurned by the more wealthy communities. As proof of the poverty of these people one only has to drive out along the country roads in any direction from Durham. He will have to go almost a dozen miles before he finds a house of any consequence that was built before the Civil War.

The foregoing, I think, accounts largely for the straitened condition and low morality of a large number of the old inhabitants of this section, for almost any old citizen can, if he chooses, tell you interesting tales concerning the exploits of certain characters who used to live here. These people generally lived in little communities, each of which had a distinctive name. One of these places which was in what is now the suburbs of the city of Durham was called Pinhook.

Pinhook was near the place where the West Durham Cotton Mill has been erected. The house stood about a hundred yards southwest of the southwest corner of the

mill. Some questionable characters kept a resort there, and near by there was a grog shop. Why the place was called Pinhook is not known, but it certainly went by that name for a number of years before the Civil War.

Near this place was a camping ground where wagoners stopped on their way to Raleigh and other eastern towns before the time of railroads. The campers got water from the Pinhook well and made use of the grove near by, where they tied their horses and were protected somewhat by the trees from the weather. It is said that a man, who later was a citizen of Durham and became quite rich, was a pale, sallow-looking boy at the time Pinhook was experiencing its balmy days. He carried watermelons out to the old camp ground, piled them up in the fence corners, and sold them to the wagoners who doubtless found them refreshing after their long draughts of fiery corn liquor which they bought from the Pinhook grog shop. In this way he started a fortune which became quite considerable before his death.

Besides being a favorite stopping-place for the wagoners, Pinhook was known for miles around. Its fame spread as far as twelve or fifteen miles northwest, as may to this day be learned from the old inhabitants of the country communities, and even the students of the University at Chapel Hill had the habit of coming over when they wished to go off on a lark. It was known as a place of brawls and rough-and-tumble fights, drinking, gambling and other forms of amusement, where the natives and visitors met to have a rough, roaring, and, to them, glorious time.

Pinhook was the best known of a number of houses of rather shady reputation around West Durham and a little west of it. The section from this settlement as far east as the wye near East Durham was, in the language of a citizen of Durham, "a roaring old place"

before and for a while after the war. Down near the wye a man named Vickers kept a liquor shop, and just west of him one William Pratt, who was quite a wealthy man for this time, also dispensed "the universal panacea." It may be added that at various times liquor was sold at several other places in what is now the city of Durham.

An amusing incident is told of an old man of the neighborhood, now many years dead, who, not to mention a rather ordinary cognomen, gloried in the prænomen, "Wash." He was a notorious rowdy, a man who drank and was known far and wide for his boisterous carousing. When the North Carolina Railroad was in process of construction, it was announced that on a certain day a train would approach within a few miles of the place where Durham is now situated. Many of the people of the community collected at the appointed time to see the new wonder. Among these were the aforementioned "Wash" and his wife. Like almost all trains, ancient and modern, this train was late and after waiting some time "Wash" announced that he was thirsty. So with much fussing and in spite of the protestations of his wife he declared that he was going to Vickers's tavern to get him some liquor. The good lady objected in a most strenuous manner, urging the great danger from the expected train, but "Wash" was obdurate. He, therefore, secured a bushel of corn, a gallon jug and a blind horse and set out. It was not more than a mile to the tavern and it so happened that the ever watchful Mrs. "Wash" spied the train approaching from one direction and her husband from the other at the same time. Screaming at the top of her voice and with outstretched arms she ran to meet her beloved spouse. Before she reached him the train passed and the blind horse, frightened by the unusual noise, threw the doughty tippler and broke his jug. Immediately Mrs.

"Wash's" fear was turned into joy and she ran back to her friends, clapping her hands and shouting: "Glory to God! 'Wash' is safe and his jug of liquor's broke!"

With the growth of the city of Durham these old inhabitants learned new ways and many of their descendants are now regarded as the city's most valuable citizens. Indeed, with new conditions, the old have almost been forgotten and it will be only a few years till you cannot find a man who ever heard of Pinhook. Thus the old is being continually swallowed up by the new.

GENERAL SLADE'S JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO
TENNESSEE

The following journal was found among the Slade Papers in the handwriting of General Jeremiah Slade, of Martin county, N. C., and although there is nothing in it which directly attributes it to his authorship, it seems undoubtedly to have been his composition. It is the view of a broad-minded man, a shrewd observer, and an intelligent North Carolinian made at a time when there were few people in the State putting down on paper their impressions of the things which they saw around them. It is copied here with faithfulness, the editor taking no other liberty than now and then to write out an abbreviation or other expression which otherwise would obscure the sense and to reduce to modern form the author's capitalization. The beauties of nature deeply impressed the diarist, and his descriptions of the mountains are almost good literature. It has required some self-restraint to keep the editor from improving them in some essential points. J. S. B.

A Journal of a Journey from Williamston, Martin County, N. C., to Nashville, Tennessee, commenced on the 27th day of June, 1819.

Dined at John Griffin's, stopped at Wilson Sherrod's, fed and rested my horse, bill 25cs., and arrived at Tarboro that evening.

28.

After arranging some private business and visiting my friends with whom I had some agreeable conversation on the subject of my journey, set out about 10 o'clock, bill Mrs. Gregory \$1.50, McWilliam \$1.20. By 12½ arrived at Mr. W. Parker's to dinner, spent about 2 hours in very agreeable conversation with him and his amiable lady; bill 50cs. Set out at 3 o'clock, stoppd.

at Daniels a few minutes to have my horse watered and get some grog, went on, met very unexpectedly an old acquaintance, Mr. James Blount, from Georgia. After usual ceremonies went on and arrived at sundown at the well known stand in Nash County, Mr. J.— T's, where I put up the night. Went to bed supperless. Saw there all the features of uncivilized life and that Mr. T——'s daughters though unmarried all had separate names, as Polly H——, Ann B—— &c.

29.

Set off from T——'s before sunrise. Bill 50cs. Memo. a lame man with a blind horse staid last night at T——'s who had been eight days traveling from Raleigh there, only thirty-five miles. Arrived at Majr. Alford's to Breakfast, where I met with every attention, and treated very hospitably, Bill 50cs. Arrived at Raleigh at 12 o'clock, at Col. Cooke's. After dinner having dressed strolled out to stroll up and down the principal streets without appearing to notice one of the puffed little great men of the city, being resolved to observe as little ceremony towards them as they are usually in the habit of shewing to all strangers, and after visiting my cousins at Mrs. Pullum's, conversing with them for a while, I returned to my lodgings. In course of the day had occasion to call on the deputy clerk of the Federal court on business, was ushered into his office with all the hauteur of a French exciseman, and treated with every mark of supercilious pride and haughty arrogance and finally dismissed with contempt. After supper I retired to my room where I was visited by J. B. Slade, my relation, who staid with me all night & we pass the time much more agreeable than I had done during the day.

30th.

Left Raleigh at Sunrise, Bill \$2.00 with a perfect confirmation of former opinion "that the citizens are a per-

fect set of blood suckers who prey upon the vitals of the State and wallow in luxuriant indolence." Arrive at Jones' to brkft,; bill 60cs. Arrived at Chapell that evening in a severe shower of Rain (which tho' not so agreeable to my situation was most acceptable to visitors to that part of the country, as it was and had been for some time so dry as to endanger the crops of corn in all the upper country. Wheat crops uncommonly good, price 25cs per bus. & little or no demand for it at that or even any price). At Mrs. Mitchell's Hotel was met and greeted as soon as arrived by cousin Jeremiah and Thomas B. Slade, dined, after the shower was over went with Cousin Thomas to Mr. Mooring's Hotel, was introduced to several collegiates of respectability & to Mr. Mark Henderson, attorney at law, whom I found particularly agreeable, polite and attentive, & as we returned to Mr. Mitchell's invited us to his father's, Pleasant Henderson's Esqr. to sup & spend the evening, which we accepted, (Cousin Thomas from an inclination to be with the young ladies of the family & I for the gratification of an acquaintance of so respectable a family). On entering the house I was introduced by Cousin Thomas to a Miss Kittrell & to Miss Eliza Henderson, only daughter of Mr. P. H., who, take her all in all (tho' not a Venus di Medici in form & feature) is as pretty, agreeable, and desirable as is rarely to be met with. She was easy in her manners, gracefull in her actions & movements, condescending and affible in conversation, still modest and unassuming. We spent the evening till late bed-time in very agreeable conversation, when we retired to Mrs. Mitchell's & rested for the night.

Thursday, July 1st.

After breakft. visited college which appeared almost deserted, except now and then a solitary Bachelor silently gliding across the long passages. The Dialectic

Hall appeared much improved since my last visit, the library has received a large acquisition of books to the amt. of five hundred dollars within the last year. Met there Mr. Thomas Green, of Va., late of the senr. class. He appeared very much reserved, and tho' we had been formerly acquainted he seemed not disposd to renew it. Returned to Mrs. Mitchell's to dinner and shortly after set out for Hillsboro, accompanied by Cousin Thos. Bill with Mrs. Mitchell \$2.00. We arrived at Thompson's Inn in Hillsboro at sunset, disappointed in our expectations of meeting Mrs. Doctr. Pugh & others on their way to Louisiana, nor did they arrive during my stay in Hillsboro.

2nd.

Left Hillsboro after Breakft, Bill \$1.80. Crossed Troliner's Bridge about 12 o'clock: had a smart words with Mrs. Troliner about the toll, paid 20cs and parted in friendship. Dined at Mr. Cook's, found him to have been a red coater, dinner & horse feed 50cts. Went on to Mr. James Dicks, stopped, claimed acquaintance, and took some good whiskey, paid 10cts. Arrived at Greensboro at sunset, put up at the sign of the Three Ships under Sail; looked more like nine stack-poles with sprouts grown out round them. Suppd. and staid that night, bill \$1.00 cts.

3rd.

Next morning eight o'clock found me at friend Stockton's where it was difficult for me to determine whether my appearance was a greater source of satisfaction to the good family or myself. The truth is that I received every mark of attention and respect, as well as every demonstration of unalloyed friendship and almost relative affection. The overflowing of their spontaneous good wishes was almost overwhelming, as they entered into the circumstances of our first acquaintance and re-

lated all the occurrences of our earliest knowledge of each other, with every exaggeration of my actions and imputing to me many credits to which I thought myself unentitled to, and all before genl^{mn}. & ladies of the first standing, who happened to be present to my considerable discomfiture. I Breakftd. & dined with them, and in the evening went to Salem, paid bill for Brkft. & Dinr. & H fd. 80cts. At Salem after some ceremonious obsevanes I obtained the pleasure of the girls' company at my room in the evening.* They suppd. with me & staid till dark when I escorted them to their homes, and parted with them loaded with their good wishes. Returned to my lodgings for the night.

4th.

Rose & wrote a letter to Capt Edwd. Yellowly, placed it in the p. office, paid my bill, \$2.80 cts. & set out on my journey, Dined at Hauser town, pd. bill 50cts. Set out for Mr. Sheppard's but past there and reached at dusk Mr. Unthank's, ten miles beyond the Pilot Mountain, whose granduer & sublimity exceeded my most sanguine expectation. Its summit appears like a Hat Crown above the brim, as the mountain rises like an obtuse cone from its base to an enormous height: there it is capped by a vertical column of rock for the height (from the distance I was from it) of from one to two hundred feet perpendicular, the rock bare and inaccessible for even human exertion, except only on one side, where with great difficulty it may be surmounted. The top is the form of a dome and elegantly crowned with trees and shrubbery.

5th.

Left Unthank's at sunrise, bill 65cts. Arrived at the foot of the Blue Rdge to breakfast at Mr. Mankin's, where while brkft. was preparing I indulged in all the

*General Slade's daughters were sent to Salem Academy.

surrounding sublimity of the mighty ridge stretching from N. to S. that seemed almost to war with Heaven and to place a final bar to the northwest winds. Set out from Nankin's at eleven o'clock (bill 65cts.) to ascend the mountains. Drove up to the first level but found it too much for my horse. At the second rise dismounted, laid off my coat & walked up, driving my horse before me. On reaching the second level, at the half-way spring, I fell in with a young gentn. resting, who afterwards turned out to be Mr. Wm. McKenny, of Surry, N. Cr., who had ascended the mountain just before me. After partaking of a copious draught of the delightful crystalline water that trickled from an impending rock, we set out in company, and after winding some time between impending cliffs in a winding and circuitous direction we came to the third rest, which happened to be the top of a knob, bare and open to all the country below and commanded the view of all the country to the southward & eastward; and I am certain my mind was never more delighted and astonished at the same time. The hills and valleys beneath pictured to me at once the ocean after a severe gale of wind. The hills next the ridge resembled waves when sinking and bobbing about, while the Sorrowtown [Saura-Town] Mountain to the east and the Pilot to the So., with its top like a combing swell, seemed moving on apace as if intended to sweep over the intermediated space and try their force against the mighty Ridge. We proceeded then to the summit, which seemed to overlook the world. After resting a few minutes we descended a hill to a branch, the head of the Ohio River. Then proceeding up a glen for a quarter of a mile we came to an excellent spring and partook freely of the water and rested a while. Went on through the mountains, a very bad road for about three miles to Mr. McKenny's brother's, where we stopped, had our horses fed, and dined. After dinner I

went on alone, Mr. McK. not going farther (bill 35cts.) ; and at dark I arrived at a Mr. Betts', five miles below the Poplar Camp, where I put up for the night.

6th.

Left Betts' early (bill 50.) Descended Iron Mountain about eight o'clock, where I could but stop a few moments and admire the stupendous height of the surrounding cliffs & knobs, where it would seem that nature had frolicked & sported with her daughter earth & tried into what grotesque contortions she could throw her; for such a beautiful contrast of acclivity and declivity never before had presented itself to my view. After crossing at the bottom a small rivulet, my way wound along on the edge of a declivity hewn out of the rotten rock (of which these mountains seem to be composed), just sufficiently wide for a waggon to pass, which reminded me of Capt. Riley's "Jew's leap along the Atlas," where for half a mile had I have met a waggon, one of us must have inevitably have tumbled down the precipice into the river below, that was dammed & deep. My curiosity had to give way to my necessity in stopping to examine the iron-works at Poplar Camp furnace, as my time would not admit of any delay. I passed on over hills & valleys and narrow ravines to Jackson's Ferry across New River, the main prong of the source of the Ohio. It was about a hundred yards wide & twenty five feet deep at the ferry, apparently still, lympid, and as clear as crystal (ferriage 25). Crossed to Mr. Saunders' immediately on the opposite bank where I breakfasted (bill 37½). Proceeded up along the bank of the river for about two miles where the eye could not possibly be more engaged & delighted than with so diversified a scene of impending rocks, stupendous cliffs, and tumbling roaring cascades, that rolled over the ledge of rocks that stretched athwart its current in every direc-

tion. The road struck off at right angles with the river along a rivulet to the north and through valleys of appearance, that seemed in many places to be threatened with overwhelming destruction from the impending hills, until I came into the main stage road from the eastern to the western country, a few miles below the town of Wythe, in Va., where I soon arrived, passing along a valley in a high state of cultivation, with a neat house and farm for every quarter of a mile. Houses chiefly built of hewn logs with chinks left large, plastered & whitewashed outside, that gives them quite an agreeable & neat appearance. Wythe, like most inland towns, has but one street, which is the main stage road that runs through it from east to west, which is filled on each side with neat buildings, chiefly of wood in the manner before described, however, with some exceptions of elegant brick & stone. The court house is large but built of wood and in a very ordinary manner, & much out of repair, and stands in the middle of the street, which gives it a still more disagreeable appearance. Its situation, however, is pleasant & agreeable, standing on a plain just under the Blue Ridge that overhangs it & seems to frown on it with supercilious grandure. I stopped at the Wythe Hotel, striking for its large sign & superfluous emblematic paintings, which time at present won't permit me—had I an inclination—to describe. In the evening set out for Mr. Drury's [?] a stage house, 14 miles from Wythe (bill 60). Passed along a valley equally striking for elegance and high state of cultivation as thickly inhabited as usual to the stage house, where I came at dark. Found it much crowded with travellers, supped and some desultory conversation, retired for the night.

7th.

Set out at five o'clock for Abington, forty five miles distant, where I arrived after stopping at 8 o. at an old

Dutchman's house, a stage house, for brkft. (bill 42), who related several anecdotes of the Revolutionary War—"all of which he saw and part of which he was." Passed along the valley of Holston River, which I crossed many times, the road running nearly straight and intersecting the meandering of the Holston. Passing over the nolls & knobs of the hills, that project to it on either side, covered with fragments. Knobs of limestone rock, left bare & projecting out of the ground in every direction, so that it is impossible to pass without tumbling over them, form for about ten miles the most disagreeable road I ever travelled, and would not risk my head in a public stage on any considerations, as they go thundering over the rock at half speed in a four horse stage with very frequently a drunken driver; and a striking result is that you will scarcely pass a stage house without seeing two or three wrecked stages.

I dined at a miserable tavern about 17 miles below Abington (bill 42½), stopped at a very decent brick tavern about 8 miles from A., rested & took some refreshment (paid 15). The valley of the Holston so far is very fertile and in a high state of cultivation, the country becoming more level as I progress down the river which runs west.

Abington, or Abingdon, is something larger than Wythe, but not so handsomely situated, being more broken. The buildings are principally wood, but a greater proportion of brick with an elegant brick C. H. the town has not still the neatness of appearance that Wythe has: has but one tavern which, tho', is a good one & well furnished & attended. It is more a manufacturing than a commercial, & in consequence of the salt works in its vicinity is a place of considerable resort of, and importance to, all the western country. Salt sells at the works at \$1.75 per 52 lb. & that very damp.

8th.

Left Abington after brkft. (bill \$2.), the road very muddy & slippery in consequence of a rain the night before. Dined at Mr. Goodson's (bill 50c). The country, as I descended along the Holston was more fertile in appearance, but in a worse state of cultivation than below Abington. The inhabitants seemed more like the lessees of some large proprietor than the real possessors of the soil, which I afterwards ascertained to be the fact; for as I passed, once in about every three or four miles, I could see an attempt at style and grandure, but entirely void of taste or elegance (notwithstanding they seemed to have spared neither labor or expence), and still the outward appearances as far exceeds the housewifery as ours does theirs. I proceeded on to Mrs. Nicely's, where I arrived at sundown, where Mr. Mushrow, of Va., who had traveled with me from Mr. Goodson's, & I were compelled to become our own hostler, the widow's servant being gone to a neighbor's reaping. Mrs. N. lived about three miles within the Tennessee line, so that this was my first essay into that State, where altho' so near the Va. line, still I thought that I perceived a striking difference in the manners and habits, which afterwards as I progressed into the State developed themselves still more forcibly—which assimilated more to the manners of our State in the less refined part.

9th.

Set off from Mrs. Nicely's at sunrise (bill 50). Came to Mr. J. L. Gains to brkft. who was a distant relative of Mr. Mushrow's and nephew to Genl. E. P. Gains, of the U. S. Army, who treated us with much attention (bill 40.). We passed some smelting mills across a branch of the Holston. They were at work and seemed to be new & in fine order. About a half mile below is

the head of navigation of the Holston, which is principally carried on by rafts in times of freshets. However, they navigate the river also with keeled bateaux, built very sharp from 60 to 70 feet long and 8 or ten feet beam, with a companionway extending nearly two thirds of their length, raised to the height of six feet above their gunnels, with space left on each to pass from stem to stern; & this companionway is shingled over and bears a striking resemblance to an old fashioned hip-roofed house. These boats are used to take down salt which is waggoned from the factory near Abington to the Mussle Shoals and below; but these boats seldom ever attempt to ascend the river, in consequence of the obstructive rocks and shoals and the extreme distance, which is 750 miles from the Mussle Shoals. This landing is called the Boat Yard & appears to be a place of business as there are stores and shops. One mile still down the Holston, which is an hundred yards wide with many beautiful islands in it, is a new toll bridge across the north fork of the Holston, which is also 100 yards wide at its junction, built upon stone pillars in very neat and workmanlike manner, & for strength and elegance excels anything of the kind I have ever seen (toll 25). Dined at Mr. Vaughan's (bill 50), proceeded on to Surgoinsville, a new town on the Holston ten miles above Rogersville, which as yet is neither conspicuous for elegance, neatness, or design, and appears more like the result of mad speculation than for beneficial design, for publick utility, accomodation miserable for both horse & man.

10th.

Set out from Surgoinsville after sunrise (bill \$1.00), left Mr. Mushrow complaining of the headache as usual, arrived at Rogersville to brkft. (bill 75). Rogersville, the county seat of Hawkins County, is a considerable place for an inland country town. Built chiefly of

brick, has considerable trade, and is much resorted, being the half way stage from Abington to Knoxville. It is situated in the valley of the Holston but not immediately on the river: the land of an inferior quality to the eastern part of the valley and less improved, the inhabitants consequently less wealthy. Left Rogersville at 12 o., went on alone still along the valley of Holston, which is bounded on the N. & W. by the Clinch mountain, and on the east by the Blue Ridge. The valley is intersected by innumerable streamlets of pure limestone water of crystalline clearness, across many of which are grist & saw mills that seem to have been profitable, as near most of them the mud-plastered log huts are contrasted with huge brick houses, built at much expence apparently, but entirely destitute of taste or elegance. My horse nearly exhausted, scarcely able to get him along. Was overtaken by Mr. Mushrow & Mr. Sims, of Nashville, & we proceeded in company to Mr. Nall's where we dined (bill 50). Here the valley appeared much narrower than I had seen it, seemingly not more than a mile wide and more fertile. We all set out in company, passed along the river bank for some distance, then turning a little more to the west the valley widened and became much more level than I had seen since I crossed the Ridge & of inferior quality, more thinly inhabited and the habitations more miserable than before. We passed Bean's Station at sundown, where Mr. Mushrow stopped, but Mr. Sims & myself went on to the Widow Copeland's, two miles further, where we stopped for the night.

11th.

We set out before sunrise from Mrs. Copeland's (bill 75), passed through much such country as we had done the latter part of the day before seventeen miles to Mr. Juornegain's to brkft., rested three hours (bill 75),

Proceeded to Knoxville thro' a still poorer soil, the mountains having disappeared on both sides and the country become quite a level piney woods. In my way to Knoxville I passed the town of Rutledge, which is the county seat of Sevier Co'ty. It is a very inconsiderable place of a most miserable appearance, built chiefly of log-houses, with a very indifferent court house, which is rather singular in this State, as their chief pride seems to be displayed in building fine brick court houses and jails. Such a display of large daubed signs I never before witnessed. It would seem from their magnitude and the glaringness of the representations attempted to be painted on them that the people were only susceptible to ocular demonstration. One at a miserable looking log inn more particularly attracted my attention: it was nearly of the size of a large barn door, (with a counterscarp suspended to the bottom about eight inches on which the inn-keeper's name was inscribed in capitals), on which I am certain that the venerable Father of his Coutry was never so basely caracatured. He was represented on horseback, his horse white with a neck that bore about the same proportion to his body that a heron's does; and indeed the whole representation was equally absurd & ridiculous.

KNOXVILLE.

Is situated on the west bank of the Holston on a very broken hilly place, intersected by a creek that runs nearly through the centre of the town, across which are several mills, besides tanneries and whiskey distilleries which gives it quite an unpleasant scent along those streets most contiguous to it. The town has, however, a very neat and agreeable appearance, a place of extensive trade for an inland town, and of much resort, having been the seat of government of the State for some time, has apparently very respectable society and considerable

refinement. The town is about the size of Raleigh, N. Ca. but more thickly built, mostly of brick but not in so good taste.

12th.

Left Knoxville by sunrise; on thro' a much leveller country than I met with on this side of the Blue Ridge. Land of an inferior quality & much thinlier inhabited and more in style of N. Ca. Stopped at Campbell's Station for brakft. but could not be accommodated, proceeded five miles further to Mr. Meredith's, where we breakfted. & rested till afternoon; proceeded at 4 o.; my horse taken sick on the road shortly after I was left by Mr. Sims, he not knowing my situation. However, resting my horse occasionally and walking by his side encouraging him and he getting better, I proceeded at a slow rate over a very poor, barren, hilly country. At length descended a valley that was overhung by very high hills on both sides, at the bottom of which stands the little town of Kingston; but it being in the night and so dark, I was not able to see anything distinctly, so as to form any opinion relative to its situation or extent. I arrived at South West Point at Mr. Clark's ferry, where I found Mr. Sims, who appeared much rejoiced to see me come up, it then being ten o. and he prepared to go to bed, having given me out.

13th.

Crossed Clinch River at sunrise which at this place is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, carrying 14 feet water, the water as clear as crystal and moving on with a still but majestic current, the valley of the river on the west side narrow but very fertile. The country here becomes very hilly & broken and thinly inhabited in consequence of sterility. Arrived at the stage house, Mr. Brown's at the foot of the Cumberland Mountain to breakft, my horse much recruited. Rested and then set

out to climb the impending cliffs of the mountain, I walked & drove my horse the whole way up, 2 miles. The heat was intense, it being then about noon. Passed on about ten miles thro' a most broken, unpleasant country to the Crab Orchard, during which I passed the celebrated Spencer's Hill (which is said to be turnpiked, toll $37\frac{1}{2}$, but is a perfect burlesque on the name of turnpike). One & a half miles up & two down, most part of the way at an angle of 90 degrees and that way scarcely wide enough between the impending rocks, that seem tottering on their summits—many of them—, some one or two hundred feet high, & threatening to tumble down & crush the astonished traveler into atoms: to pass with a single gig or carriage [was impossible]. We dined at Crab Orchard and proceeded on to the stage house on "the Barrens," as they are very appropriately called, through the most miserably poor country I have ever seen, mostly level, covered with grass & shrubbery of dwarf chestnut & black-jack, very few of which attain the height of ten feet, with now and then a solitary hut or hunting camp. And let me remark here, for the first time I took a distaste to venison, which is the chief diet in this part of the country. This stage house is kept by a Mr. Devon, and a most miserable hovel it is. We arrived there after night, could scarcely get anything for our horses, much more ourselves, to eat. Shortly afterwards two stages arrived and kept so much noise we scarcely slept any during the night.

14th.

Set out at sunrise, had dispute with the bar-keeper (if he might be so termed) about the bill, as he wanted Mr. Sims to pay for supper when he had eaten none. Passed thro' much the same kind of country as before described since crossing the hills to Mr. Bradley, who keeps a toll gate for a bridge across My Mamma's Creek,

that cost perhaps twenty dollars; took a nap of sleep while they were preparing breakft. after resting our horses set off again, cross the bridge, and ascended Primrose Hill, where, had I a fortune sufficient to support myself in ease, I would choose to live in preference to any place in all Tennessee. The soil on the top of the hill is sandy a little intermixed with rocks, perfectly dry and agreeable, commanding a view of all the circumjacent country, the growth principally chesnut of the loftiest kind. It is about a mile across the top. Its extent otherwise I was not able to ascertain. Descended it and passed along a quite sandy road interspersed with hills and valleys for some distance, until I descried thro' the foliage of the trees the blue ethereal sky below me, when on a sudden after taking a short turn around a knob we began to descend the Cumberland mountain, which went off at an angle of 45 degrees for about two miles when we descended into a very uneven country resembling the waves of the sea when subsiding after a smart gale. We seemed to pass on the pinnacle of a wave, which sunk into huge amphi theatres of 40 or 50 feet depth, representing the state of the ocean after a storm had just subsided, and then wound along in meandering form in a westerly direction covered with a luxuriant growth of poplar, chesnut, and oak to Sparta, the coty. seat of White, where we stopped, fed our horses, and proceeded for Col. Smiths thro' a level country, mostly prairie and level, where we arrived at dark. Col. Smith informed us that his house was full, & that we must proceed to a Mr. Clark's about four miles farther. The road being very stumpy & narrow & it quite dark, it was with difficulty that I could drive a gig thro' it without getting upset. However at a late hour of the night we arrived at Mr. Clark's, which was a miserable hut, and after much entreaty were to have food for our horses and a bed to lie upon, but no supper;—& hav-

ing had no dinner that day, it went particularly hard on us.

15th.

Set off at sunrise, proceeded through a tolerably level country to Mr. Shaw's where we brkftd. Set out after breakft, traveled along immediately upon the top of a seeming wave whose base seemed to be at the centre of gravity; for notwithstanding below grew the most luxuriant forests of poplar, walnut, sugar maple, chesnut, beach &c, we were passing above their tops, whose gloom prevented our seeing the depths of the valleys beneath. The top of the wave, for I can compare it to nothing besides, was literally inlaid with broken fragments of free stone, the most disagreeable road I ever saw. Our horses having lost some of their shoes could scarcely get along. At 1:10 we arrived at W. A. Muck's, where we made them get us coffee at that time of the day. We then set off again and proceeded along a like wave or ridge, for four or five miles, when we descended a most intolerable rocky road, which is ironically called "Feather-Bed Hill," into the valley of the Caney Fork of Cumberland river, which runs about northwest to the ford. This river is about one hundred yards wide: was quite shallow at this time, being very low. The country on the west side of it surpasses any I have before seen in the western country in the fertility of its soil and is much less broken than the valley of the Holston, or its branches. Proceeded about twenty miles thro' a country of the greatest fertility I have ever seen, except Roanoke low-grounds, which surpasses it only in its durability. This being in many places rolling is subject to wash away as soon as cleared & put into a state of complete cultivation. The most fertile part I think I passed was what is called "The Cedar Bottoms," which in point of fertility excells any land I ever saw; but then there lies at the bottom of every branch or bottom

exposed a sheet of limestone rock that pervades this country at a certain depth, & indeed in most places huge piles & sheets of it lie piled & spread over the face of the earth in every direction. We arrived at Mrs. Carteret's in Wilson County, and after some persuasion gained permission of the negroes to stay all night, Mrs. C. being absent at meeting. However we got something to eat & retired for the night.

16th.

Set out at sunrise from Mrs. Carteret's and passing thro' the same kind of country as the preceding evening rather in a higher state of cultivation, the farms teeming with the luxuriant crops of corn; but notwithstanding the fertility of the soil still the people live in the most miserable, dirty looking huts I ever beheld in any country. Arrived at Lebanon to brkft., where I stopped to make arrangements about my business in Tenn. until the next day, while Mr. Sims went on twenty five miles farther to his mother's in Davidson County, who before he set out introduced me to Genl. Saml. Houston, a lawyer of Lebanon, whose attentions, politeness, and assistance in my business were of very essential service to me in the prosecution of my business. Visited Mr. Isaac Kennedy & delivered him a letter after a recognition on his part of me. Treated me with every mark of attention he possessed, offering me his house, bed & board gratis, which I declined. He then gave me every information about my business I deserved and furnished me with names of what gentlemen to call on for testimonial information. Returned to Lebanon and wrote to the justices and to the gentlemen whose depositions I wished to take requesting them to meet me on Thursday next at Lebanon.

Lebanon is the county seat of Wilson, is situated on each side of a small creek that runs thro' a large cedar

valley. Is eligible only for a large spring of limestone water that spouts up in a cave near the centre of the town, that makes up from the creek, that furnishes an ample supply of that indispensable for the whole town & would for one of ten times its size. The town is only built on two streets as yet, which intersect each other at right angles, in the centre of the intersection of which streets stands a very elegant two story brick court house with a cupola which instead of embellishing detracts from the elegance of the building, as it is awkwardly formed and disproportionate, its spire being taller than the base and ornamental parts of the cupola, and all the way of the same size, passing thro' balls of the same size in a number of places. On its top is placed a gilt eagle *volant* that seems to be holding on to the point of the spire with great exertion, striving against every passing breeze. Fronting the court house diagonally are a large brick jail and a stone clerk's & sheriff's office. The chief buildings of the town are of brick, there being no timber immediately in its vicinity to build wooden houses of, except cedar, which never grows large: hence it took the name of Lebanon. It has five or six stores, which seem to do a tolerable business, and three publick houses, less fantastic in their signs than I have seen anywhere in the State. In winter the streets are remarkably muddy, and in summer equally dusty in consequence of the flatness of its situation & the stiffness of its soil.

17th.

Set out for Nashville after brkft. Passed thro' cedar glades of barren rock for about three miles when the land became more rolling and less rocky. Saw some excellent fields of corn & tobacco. Arrived at Mr. I. F. Davis' to dinner, the most pleasant situation I have seen in West Tennessee (bill 50). Passed on thro' a still rolling country in very good state of culture of corn &

tobacco to Stone's River, which at the ford is about one hundred yards wide at common tide, but was extremely low then, being nearly dry over. On the other side was a level, extending along the river of the width of a quarter of a mile, the quality of the Roanoke low-lands, of rather a darker hue, called "The Clover Bottoms." The country from there to Nashville is more rolling than on the north side of Stone's River and equally fertile and far superior in point of cultivation to any part of West Tennessee, the farms being laid out in some taste and good brick buildings on the principal ones, built many in taste & style. The lands mostly cleared & very thickly settled. I arrived at Nashville in the evening and put up at the inn, a hotel kept in as much pomp and style as the Tontine Coffee House in New York, or Renshaw's Hotel in Philadelphia. I was ushered into the bar in great pomp, presented with the coffee-house book, and pen & ink, to write my name and place of residence.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF NATHANIEL
MACON

The following letters from Macon to Andrew Jackson are preserved in Macon's handwriting in the Jackson Manuscripts, which were donated to the Library of Congress by the children of the late Montgomery Blair, of Montgomery county, Maryland. They are now published, through the courtesy of the library authorities, because they help to complete the picture of the life of this influential North Carolinian.

J. S. BASSETT.

JACKSON MSS.

PHILA. 17th Jany., 1796.

Sir

I enclose you a copy of the report of the Committee Claims on your petition, and sincerely wished that it accorded more with my ideas of right. I attended the Committee while they had the petition under consideration, explained the nature of the claim and shewed the laws & resolutions under which it originated, together with a letter from the Treasurer of North Carolina on the subject, But to no purpose

Congress have not yet passed a single act this session, none of the Committees to whom important subjects were committed have reported, Every thing contained in the speech of the President is before some Committee, as well as a bankrupt system and plan for establishing offices for the sale of land in the territories of the United States, A motion has been made on the subject of a navigation act, and not yet acted on

You will see by the papers that a Robert Randall and Charles Whitney had an easy plan for obtaining land, however they were disappointed,

The last accounts from Europe are very vague and

contradictory, It is I believe certain that General Jourdan has retreated, but every thing else is too uncertain to trouble with

I am sir

Yr most obt. Servt.

NATHL. MACON.

PHILADELPHIA 13 Feb 1800

Sir

I was last evening pleased with the reception of your very agreeable favor of the 9 ultimo, and will certainly give my aid towards establishing the post road you mention, As you *recollect* well, you know that it is a general rule with me to vote for every post road that may be deemed useful, and I have no doubt, but that from Jonesborough will be very much so.

Believing that Mr. Claiborne gives you all the Congressional proceedings, you will excuse me from saying a word about them, especially when I tell you that scarcely anything has been done worth communicating; there is however one subject of the first importance, to which every true Republican ought early & seriously to turn his attention, I mean the election of President & Vice President, I am induced to mention this, because I have some reason to believe that your acquaintance Parker of Virginia has written to the govr of Tennessee on this subject, & not in the most favorable terms, of the man that is certainly best qualified to fill the office of President, in fact, he is not in favor of Mr. Jefferson, of whose character & talents it would be useless to praise, because they are known to all, I have mentioned this circumstance, to inform you of the industry of the men, who do not wish Mr. J. to be President. I have not heard of the sentiments of your governor You will consider this letter as confidential, because I am not at liberty to tell

you how I got the information of Parkers having written, but of the fact I have no doubt.

I enclosed you some time past a pamphlet, have you received it. Believe me to be

Sir yrs sincerely and truly,

NATHL MACON.

WASHINGTON 12 Jan, 1801

Sir

I only write to let you know that I have not forgotten you, Claiborne who continues to deserve well of his country I know gives you all the information which this new city affords—I answered my former letters or at least one of them; But on this point my friendship gets the better of your forgetfulness, you see I will not say neglect because I know you are incable [*sic*] of that.

Congress have passed an act this session which is to authorize the Delegate from the North Western Territory to receive pay & to frank letters, The house of Representatives have passed a bill to erect a Mausoleum, which is now in the Senate

A bill to alter the Judiciary system of the U. S. is now before the H— of R— It is nearly like the last that was before the H— at their last session. It is apprehended that the bill will pass—The treaty drags heavily on, & will not I expect be ratified without annexing some conditions, The Sen [*mutilated*] it is said have voted against the 2 & 3 articles but what they will do, when they come to the final vote is considered doubtful

Jefferson & Burr have an equal number of votes, & I incline to think that J. will be easily elected by the H. of R.

Remember me respectfully to all my old acquaintances, especially to those who lately removed from the District which I represent—I am

Sir yrs. truly & sincerely

NATHL MACON.

BUCK SPRINGS 26 August 1833

Sir

I have this minute received your letter of the 17,* instant, and answer it with all the friendly feelings with which I believe it was written. Before I do this, permit me, to say, that I have no documents, having given all mine away, not even the proceedings of South Carolina relative to Nullification nor the proclamation

The governments of the United States and of the States are governments of opinion and not of force, this opinion was held when the Hartford convention was in session and has not changed and that a conquered State, was not in the Union nor could not be without an act of Congress to admit her; sovereign power cannot commit treason or rebellion or be subject to the laws relating to either; hence a State being sovereign to a certain extent, as well as the United States, cannot commit either; The people alone in our country possess unlimited sovereign power, and they delegate it to their governments as they please

Force applied to a State government, as well as I recollect is not hinted at in the Constitution of the United States, because she cannot commit treason or rebellion, It goes on the ground that every State will perform her duty. The case of South Carolina, was not like the insurrection in Pennsylvania, the people of South Carolina acted under State authority, and the people of Pennsylvania under no legal authority.

If South Carolina would not permit the laws of the

*August 17 Jackson wrote to Macon from The Rip Raps, where he was then staying, discussing a letter from Macon to Carson, which letter was just before this published in a Norfolk, Virginia, paper. He wrote at length in defense of the proclamation against the Nullifiers, basing his communication on the friendship which had long subsisted between him and his venerable friend. The letter is preserved in draft in Jackson's own hand in the Jackson Manuscripts in the Library of Congress. The Carson to whom Macon wrote was doubtless Samuel P. Carson, of Pleasant Garden, N. C., who served in the National House of Representatives from December, 1825, till December, 1833. Later he moved to Arkansas, where he died in 1840.

United States to be enforced within her limits, she was out of the Union and ought to have been treated as a foreign power; The Union is a matter of choice and interest; without this it cannot be lasting, but if the federal government be justly and wisely managed, it will be as lasting as the Atlantic, the Allegany or Mississippi

No confederation or league can last long after the States which form it begin to fight, people are never satisfied by being beaten, and freemen whenever conquered, loose their energy and boldness

The history of Religion, proves that force cannot change opinion, and in this country political opinion would be as difficult to change, as that of Religion: You will perceive that I do not approve the enforcing act, though I have not seen it, the contents have been stated to me, I take no newspaper, of course know but little of anything from home

Permit me to say, I have no recollection of the law you mention nor of my vote, though no doubt, is entertained, but that they are correctly and truly stated and it may be that both Mr. Jefferson and myself, may have done wrong, in the very hot times, in which we acted; I however never approved of construing the Constitution by precedent, and have constantly tho't, that every department of the government, had always the same right to construe it, as those had, who were before them and that each ought to correct the errors of the former, if any were made

Last wednesday for the first time, I heard, that my letter was published; I believe it was an answer, to one received, but I am become so forgetful, that I cannot say positively, since I quit public life, my rule has been only to acknowledge letters, except to one person

The ratifications of the Constitution by the States are all I believe different from each other; I do not recollect enough of them, to say much about them; but none of

them, I imagine gave up the right to secede, and this right is the only one that can prevent bargaining legislation, whenever that shall become common liberty must be nearly gone. If law could have controlled opinion Mr. Jefferson would never have been president.

That the Constitution of the United States must depend on opinion, the following facts will demonstrate, a few of the large States perhaps a half dozen, can put an end to it, by not passing laws to elect representatives or not passing them to elect electors of the President and Vice President, and thirteen of the smallest, can do the same, by not electing Senators

Whenever a State becomes uneasy under federal legislation, the act which causes the uneasiness, ought to be reviewed with the greatest care, and if it contains the least injustice it ought to be altered. As far as I have heard, Virginia acted with great propriety and great dignity toward South Carolina, her doings no doubt had some good effect

I never wrote a letter, expecting it to be published, in one case, I was not so attentive as I might or ought to have been; to one received, in which a modest request was made for an answer to be published; the request escaped my observation. Perhaps it might not be amiss to say, that I never tho't General Washington had authority to issue his proclamation declaring the neutral situation of the country, that seemed to me, belonged to Congress

If it should ever happen, which God forbid, that the United States and a State be at war, the Constitution of the Union may [be] considered as gone, as dead, since 1824 I have tho't that by construction it had become almost unlimited; no one disapproves of the tariff more than I do; and my hope has been, that Congress knowing its unjust operation would relieve those who suffered; In truth since 1824 I have considered it dead

and a new one made by construction. It has been my lot to differ in some things with every administration; but I hope never for the mere sake [of] opposition

The fame of the administration, which has paid the public debt and adjusted the claims of the people on foreign governments for wrongs done them, will be as lasting as the fame acquired by the battles of New Orleans, though it may have committed some errors in the opinion of a part of those who have generally and sincerely supported it, to err is common to man, and who knows, when men differ in opinion, which is right

Accept my best wishes for your health and happiness, and believe me to be very truly and sincerely your friend

NATH MACON.

N. B. On reading over this letter, I believe, I have made a mistake, in saying, that the legislatures of a few great States, could put an end to the federal government, by not passing laws to elect representatives, I now think that Congress may pass a law for that purpose but if the people of such States should refuse to elect, then the case would happen.

N. M.

BUCK SPRINGS 25 September 1833

Sir

Your letter of the 2d instant* was received on the 20, and would have been answered sooner, but company prevented. I have read it and the documents enclosed over and over again, they have not changed my opinion as to the right of a State to secede, if this opinion be erroneous, it is of long standing and will probably go with me to the grave, that South Carolina ought to have pursued a different course, is never doubted, but her doings, cannot take away the right of other States, or destroy

*For Jackson to Macon, Sept. 2. 1833, see Jackson Mss.; also Am. Hist. Rev. VII, 111.

her own, The first convention of North Carolina rejected the Constitution, the legislature called a second, which ratified, she had the same right to have called a third and that might if it tho't proper have rejected it again; South Carolina could not have been in the Union under the operation of her acts, she would have been, what North Carolina was before she adopted the Constitution, a foreign power; The same feeling which caused North Carolina to adopt, would have operated on South Carolina not to leave the union: The word Union is a force more powerful than fleets and armies

Nine States, as well as I recollect, might have carried the federal constitution into operation, leaving four under the confederation, if they tho't proper, to continue under it, yet the confederation was not to be altered without the consent of every State, The union will not be weakened by the rights to secede, it is one that will not be abused because it cannot be the interest of one to abuse it, but if unjust legislation should force a State to secede, that would not be an abuse, but if a State should secede with or without cause, she can not get into it again by her own act

If a territory would not be a State, she could not be forced to be one, she could not be forced to be a member of the union as a State, without her consent, so that force cannot be used to bring a territory into the union or keep a State in it.

When the federal and the State governments differ, the people must decide, which they will obey, without being guilty of treason, without this they must commit it against one or the other, a horrid choice, whether to be hung by the sheriff or the marshall. A conquered country is at the mercy of the conquerer, no rights but what he pleases to give, The conquest of South Carolina would put her out of the union, and she would not be a Territory, with the right to come into it.

Permit me, to observe, that I have constantly tho't and

often said, that the proclamation and nullification, ought to be laid by, as unfit for use in United States: to nullify and be in the union and to be conquered and be in the Union, seem to be impossible.

I never kept a copy, but of one letter I ever wrote, that was a private one, not connected with public affairs, of course I have no copy of the answer to Mr. Carson's letter, nor have I seen it in print, though I have been told that it was in his circular to his constituents, it contained my opinion when wrote. In speaking of the proclamation, I mean that part which relates to States rights

The opinion, that a State cannot secede, seems to me, like the old British doctrine, once a subject always a subject, and that a conquered State would not be unlike Ireland; one of the most excellent and happy parts of our form of government is that either State or individual may leave it, when they please, our double governments cannot be kept together by force, if they can the condition of unhappy Ireland must be the fate of a conquered State

I live 12 miles from Warrenton, I mention this, to account for the delay in the receipt of your letters, and scarcely ever go or send there, You will perceive that I have endeavored not to repeat the contents of my former letter. I do not yet recollect enough of the Massachusetts case, to say a word about it

That your life may be as happy and contented as it has been prosperous and brilliant is the sincere wish of sir

Your friend and Hble Servt

NATH MACON*

*Indorsed in Jackson's handwriting: "It is evidence of weakness—his votes and speeches in 1808 and '9 in support of the laws to enforce the embargo, he voted for the *bloody bill* then—it is treason to resist the laws by force—it is treason to secede—preserve this for history.—A. J."

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF
BEDFORD BROWN—I., 1832-1856.

In the spring of 1906 Mr. F. W. Brown, of Yanceyville, placed in the keeping of the Trinity Historical Society a number of letters written to his grandfather, Hon. Bedford Brown, sometime United States Senator from North Carolina, a man very prominent in the political history of the State. They cover a number of years, from 1832 to 1868. The writers include men of national as well as State reputation. Among them are Martin Van Buren, who writes six letters; James Buchanan, who writes two; George M. Dallas, two; F. P. Blair, one; D. S. Dickinson, one; and Weldon N. Edwards two, R. J. Powell and Matthew W. Ransom each one. To these have been added copies of two letters written by Mr. Brown; one to Martin Van Buren, whose original is in the Library of Congress, Van Buren MSS, transcribed by Dr. John S. Bassett, recently Professor of History in Trinity College; the other, written to James Buchanan, whose original is in the collections of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, copied and presented by Dr. John W. Jordan, Librarian of that society. Believing that these letters may be of value to those interested in the political history of North Carolina and of the nation, they are now made public, published in two installments, the second installment to appear in the next issue.

WILLIAM K. BOYD, President,
Trinity Historical Society.

Van Buren to Brown.

(No date.)

My dear Sir

I have awaited so long, under the impression that S. W. S. might write me, as you thought he would, until it is too late to send my letter to Raleigh. It is of course not agreeable to be drawn into such matters, but such things can not always

be avoided, and a man who like you always means right can scarcely do wrong. When you see or communicate with that unadulterated relic of Nathaniel Macon Democracy, the purest that ever existed, Mr. N. Edwards, remember me kindly to him. Do the same to Mrs B and your family and believe me to be

Very truly yours
M Van Buren

Mr Brown.

George M. Dallas to Brown.*

My dear Brown,

It is not improbable that you became, during the last session, so completely tired of me, and have been so much in the habit of associating myself with the remembrance of a very tedious and uncomfortable and protracted absence from your better half, that the sight of my name may produce any thing but agreeable impressions.

The sooner, however, this first repugnance is worn off the better: for I am obstinately determined not to be forgotten by one of whom I think often and much. Make up your mind, therefore, with as much philosophy as you can muster, to write and be written to.

What are you at in North Carolina? Do the pioneers of independence keep steady and onward for the President? And what are the hopes and dangers of your Vice-Presidential favorite? Has Mangum proved the better prophet, or is Phil Barbour's prospect less promising than heretofore? I conclude that, like some of your friends, you have thrown yourself "in medias res;" and I rely upon your telling me, not what you wish, (for *that* I know already), but what is actual fact or fair calculation.

You may possibly have noticed by the "Globe," that I carried my threats of political action into effect almost as

*This letter is unsigned and undated, but the penmanship is that of Dallas. and it seems to have been written before the autumn of 1832.—W. K. B.

soon as I got home. A few days satisfied me that my friend, The Bank, was, either with or without its own consent and connivance, taking a somewhat too ostensible part in the political canvass. The institution, as an useful agent of government, is one thing:—its directors or managers, or partizans, are quite another thing:—both united are not worth the cause which depends on the re-election of Jackson. On the very day of my arrival, I passed by a large Town-meeting convened to denounce the Veto and uphold the bank:—and the sight of it roused me into an immediate effort to procure a counteracting assemblage on the same spot, that day week. Some very kind friends strove to throw cold water upon my ardor by hinting that my votes and speeches in the Senate were recent and well remembered:—that my position would be awkward, if I did not fall into the ranks of those who at least condemned the Veto etc. I took counsel of my own conscience and judgment:—and being perfectly self-convinced that I might be both a true and constant friend of the Institution, and at the same time an unflinching adherent to Democracy and the re-election of Jackson, I attended the meeting—made my speech—and felt instantly relieved from what seemed to me, before, might be thought an undecided or equivocal attitude. The truth is, as you know, that altho solicitous to save the corporation by a re-charter, I never conceived it to be of the immense and essential importance described by my Senatorial neighbor on the left and in the rear:—I was always for the sentiment which is now hoisted most high—Jackson, bank or no bank.

We have, I think, quite weathered the gale which at first threatened all sorts of mischief. Our opponents, by excessive indiscretion, vapouring, and slander, have helped us as is their usual practise. The Veto has perhaps driven from our ranks about as many as it has attracted to them. Certainly, it has produced very little dangerous effect. Had its marrow been compressed into one twentieth of its length;—had it forborne to go into those mooted fields of doctrine about which

every third or fourth man entertains different opinions—it would have been one of the most victorious and standard papers ever issued by the Executive. As it is, I do not believe that it has done more harm than is involved in shaking the rotten leaves from the hickory tree. In this City we shall lose strength:—there is a discontented body of Irish who seize the opportunity to resent the execution of Porter and pardon of Wilson, and who are led on by disappointed gentlemen of some talent, great industry, and considerable influence among their countrymen. But beyond the limits of the City, we are strong as heretofore, perhaps stronger. The State may not give quite as large a majority as it did in 1828:—but her majority will still be overwhelming.

You notice that we still hold on to Wilkins. The policy of doing so is obvious to every one. Mr. Van Buren has no foothold upon which reliance could be placed:—and had he, so much must be done in order regularly and effectually to undo the existing arrangements of the party in the State, that sufficient time is not left. The strongest consideration, however, is this:—Our electoral elections take place in November: our State or Governor's election in October. Now the result of the October struggle may powerfully if not vitally affect the struggle in November:—if the tide sets in one way, there may be no arresting it. We are all, therefore, bent upon carrying Wolf as triumphantly as possible. But to do this, we must destroy the power of the Anti-Masonry in our populous western counties; and we have nothing to oppose this monster half so efficacious as the personal popularity of Wilkins. His name is a tower of strength in that section. To drop it would endanger the whole campaign. I believe I judge this subject impartially and fairly. My friendly feelings towards Mr Van Buren cannot be questioned. No one dreams that Wilkins can be elected; but every body perceives that to shift the attitude of the state under present circumstances would be pernicious in the extreme to the main object, upon which everything depends.

How fares nullification? Calhoun, Hayne, and M'Duffie seem determined to play the game out. Forsyth, Drayton, and Cheves have acted the parts of true patriots, and if the South were to rally upon their principles and pursue their recommendations, the Tariff might gradually be offered as a voluntary sacrifice upon the altar of general goodwill and patriotism. Dreadfully as I fear Free Trade would operate throughout the eastern and middle states, and, indeed upon the vigor, independance, and happiness of the whole country, I cannot think it would be half as bad as the dissolution of the Union, or the shortest possible civil war. We are in this quarter, however, like Jack Falstaff—averse to giving or doing anything “*upon compulsion*.”—and really the perpetual sling of intimidation to which the South Carolina nullifiers have resorted and still resort, may well excuse our stickling upon the point of honour.

The course of Wilkins and myself, as to the report of the Committee of Conference, has met public and almost universal sanction. Some furious Clay men now and then attack Wilkins: but they obviously do it merely because of the altercation between himself and Clay, and because of his continuing a resolute Jacksonman.

George M. Dallas to Brown.

(Dec. 8, 1833.)

Dear Brown,

I have never had courage enough to express to you the sincerity with which both Mrs Dallas and I condoled with yourself and Mrs Brown upon the melancholy event that compelled you so suddenly to quit Washington for home last winter. None, out of your family circle, could have felt more sensibly the affliction by which you were visited. I trust, however, that time has had its healing effect, and that your excellent wife bore the calamity without inflicting upon her already delicate health a permanent depression.

The present session of Congress promises more of excite-

ment than of real interest. The great questions which threatened the peace of the country are at rest:—and none but mere agitators will be disposed to disturb them anew. The coming Presidential canvass may probably soon produce fresh phases of party, and strange combinations of men: but I do not think that we shall be convulsed as we have been on fundamental and universal principles or systems. If you perceive any thing which holds out a different prospect, let me know of it, and indulge my appetite for political disquisition by communicating your own views and calculations.

The topic on which I anticipate most congressional heat is that of the Bank. It may be well, indeed, to take it up as a sort of safety valve, through which all the wordy ammunition of the opposition may be expended, and all our own fever let off, without any danger to the country, the government, the constitution, or the laws. The Bank is a fine target:—in its present impudent position he must be a bad marksman that cannot hit it hard and sure:—and no blow can be too severe for the brazen political managers by whom it is directed. Pennsylvania is sadly changed on this subject, and I shall not be surprised to find her legislature passing resolutions to quicken the downfall of an institution which, a few months ago, she was so anxious to uphold.

I shall feel curious to know how my late friends of the Senate stand affected towards each other. Can you say what attitude he of Massachusetts occupies in reference to him of Kentucky? Is there no hope of such a division among the foe, as will give the administration a chance of getting along? Is Mr. Taney to be immolated as was Mr Van Buren:—that is, to be rejected by the Senate, in order to be shouldered by the people? Will the majority of your body use their power with forbearance, or are they disposed to drive matters to extremities:—to arrest the progress of government or to force it into measures which, however high handed they may seem, will be triumphantly borne out by the people against a factious Senate?

I wish you would kindly remember me to Col. Benton,
Col. King, Mr. Mangum, and Mr. Rives.

Ever very truly, Dr. Sir,

G. M. Dallas

8 Dec. 1833

Honble Bedford Brown.

Senate.

Bedford Brown to Martin Van Buren.*

Caswell County, N. C. 24th Sept, 1834.

My dear Sir:

I was very happy, to receive your letter, of the 7th inst., an answer to which, has been delayed, until this time, in consequence of the absence, contemplated by you, on a tour in the western part of New York.

The result of our elections, for the State Legislature is, as you suppose, decidedly favorable, to the administration. I have no doubt, but the majority, for the administration will be, from twenty to thirty, on joint ballot, in our Legislature. The coalition presses here, as is their custom, in other States, *affect* a triumph, for the double purpose, of effect abroad, and to keep the spirits of their party up, in this State, in the hope, that they may be able, to produce a division, among the friends of the administration. To accomplish this end, every artifice, has already been, and will continue to be, put in requisition by them. Unfortunately, their ability, to do mischief, in this way, is increased, by having two opposition presses, at their command, in the City of Raleigh while our cause, is without any aid, of that kind, at that important point. So firmly fixed however, is public Sentiment, in this State, in favour of the President of the United States, that I am thoroughly convinced, that every effort, to shake it, will prove unavailing. Indeed, if any change, takes places, in public opinion, between this and the assembling of our Legislature, I am satisfied, it will be, favourable, to the administration. The entire failure of the Bank, and its faithful

*Van Buren MSS, Library of Congress.

allies, to produce the mischief and the widespread ruin, throughout the country, which were so vociferously proclaimed, by the leaders of the opposition, from the Capitol, has become a standing topick, of derision and ridicule, even among the most illiterate classes, of our Citizens. Added to this, is the unusual state of prosperity which is at this time prevailing, throughout our country. I am quite sure, that the people in N. Carolina, are at this time, enjoying more *solid and substantial* prosperity, than at any period, since my recollection. This of course, will powerfully aid, the good cause.

As regards my re-election, to which you so kindly allude, I entertain great confidence of success, unless some of our party, should imprudently, bring forward, another administration candidate, and thus by dividing the party, accomplish the wishes of the opposition. I do not believe, this will be done, as I have not heard of a single individual, who is elected a Member of our Legislature, and who can be relied upon, as a friend of the administration, that has expressed any opposition, to my re-election. On the contrary, very many of the Jackson candidates (and indeed all of that party, who expressed their opinion, as to the election of Senator, so far I have been informed) declared themselves in the popular assemblies, in favour of my re-election. Believing that you feel an interest, in my success, is my apology, for troubling you, with the details, above given.

I cannot, My dear sir, conclude this letter, without recurring for a moment, to the scenes, of the last eventful session of Congress. It was indeed well calculated, to test the firmness and resolution of those, who were participants in them. To no friend, of the administration, is more due, the meed of public approbation, for fixed and unalterable purpose to sustain it, at its period of greatest difficulty, than yourself. When others, of our friends, seemed almost to despair, I often heard you express, your entire belief, of the triumphant results, which are rapidly developing themselves,

in the elections that are taking place, in the different States. This course cannot fail, (as I know it has already), to add greatly to the favour which you before enjoyed, among the republican party in this, and in other States.

The contest in your State, will no doubt, be a severe one, but I have great faith, in the democracy of New York, and cannot permit myself to doubt, that the result, will be, the complete overthrow, of the combined forces, and that your State, will again add another claim, to the gratitude of republicans. I remain your friend.

B. Brown.

W. C. Rives to Brown.

Castle Hill Nov 28 1834

My dear sir,

Permit me *first* and *foremost* to congratulate you as I do with all my heart, on your proud triumph, and that of the great Republican cause which has just been so gloriously achieved in your person by the fine and noble Democracy of your state. No person, I assure you, can have enjoyed this splendid triumph with more heartfelt pleasure than I do, as well from sentiments of personal friendship, as from devotion to the public cause with which you are identified.—after this *outpouring of the spirit* on an occasion so joyful to all true disciples of Republicanism, I beg leave to ask you kind remembrance of my friend, Mr. Hatch, who was your chaplain during the last session, and will be a candidate for the same appointment, again.—He was, for many years, our pastor here and I know him to be a most excellent and worthy man. He gave, I believe, entire satisfaction in the discharge of his duties, the last session, and I shall be very much gratified to learn that the favour of the Senate has been extended to him again.

Mrs. Rives desires me to offer you her congratulations,

and I remain, my dear sir, with sentiments of cordial esteem
and respect yours

very truly

W C Rives

Honl B. Brown,

Senator of U. S.

Martin Van Buren to Brown.

Utica (N. Y.) Sep 7 1836.

My dear Friend,—

Although the accounts are not so explicit as we would desire, I think I cannot deceive myself in believing, that the administration has succeeded in your election; and if so, the re-appointment of one who has been so able, so useful, and so disinterested a supporter of it must, I am sure, follow of course. Believe me, my dear Sir, that you would not but have been gratified to have witnessed the deep interest which has been taken here in the N. Carolina elections on your account. It is with great sincerity that I say to you that the more I have reflected on your course last winter the more I have found to admire in it. We were, at the moment, so immersed in trouble and anxiety that we could even not do our friends the justice they deserved. I was however happy to, find on my return that the people had not been at all neglectful on this point. Yourself, Forsyth, Benton and Wright have, I assure you, laid up a store of popularity which can not fail to turn to account hereafter.

I am on my way to the western part of our State where I propose to spend some weeks. We are to have a severe contest this fall, but will certainly succeed. The artillery as well as small arms of the bank, and of the aristocracy of all the Union are to be turned upon us, but it will, I trust, be all in vain.

I shall be happy to find a letter from you on my return,

and wishing to be kindly remembered to your family, I am
Dr Sir Very truly Your friend,

M. Van Buren

To Bedford Brown Esq.

John K. Paulding to Brown.

Washington 11th Nov. 1839

Dear Sir,

I have just finished reading your address to the Students of the University of North Carolina, which you were so kind as to send me, and for which I beg you to accept my best thanks.

It gratifies me to see our distinguished men occasionally turning aside from Politics, to give lessons of wisdom, virtue and patriotism to the youth of the country. It is a custom highly becoming in a free country like ours, for never can any man apply his faculties to higher purposes, than that of stimulating the rising generation to the ardent pursuit of learning, science, and love of their beauty. The higher the station, the more impressive the lesson, and when the force of example adds weight to the precepts, as in the present case, they cannot fail in having a salutary effect on all who hear them.

You will pardon me, for playing the critic, on one single page the only one I can select for the purpose. You give England the credit of having first crossed the Atlantic in Steam Boats. Such is not however the case. The first Steam Boat that ever crossed the Atlantic, was built in the United States and was navigated by citizens of the United States. I do not this moment recollect her name or that of her Commander but assure you the fact is beyond doubt.

I look forward with pleasure to a renewal of our acquaintance in the course of a few weeks, and am, Dear Sir

With great respect and regard

Your friend

J. K. Paulding.

Honble Bedford Brown.

J. R. Poinsett to Brown.

Washington

Augt. 28 1840

My dear Sir

Our friends in the North State must not stay beaten: but rally and fight the battle in the fall with renewed vigor and a fine determination to conquer. Victory under such circumstances will be the more honorable. Can we aid you from hence by furnishing your orators with facts and arguments? It is in the field and not from the closet that the battle must be fought and won. This appears to be the tactics of the opposition and they must be met in the same way. With great regard

I am Dear Sir

yours truly

J R Poinsett.

Levi Woodbury to Brown.

(Private.)

Washington, 11th Sept. 1840.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 7th inst. has just been received. I am happy to state in reply, that the President named the case of your brother to all the Cabinet not long since—and I have no doubt the first suitable opportunity will be improved to oblige him and you

We do not despair here of North Carolina or any other Southern State because we believe your people to be intelligent and capable of self government—and we know, that being so they cannot hesitate to support Mr. Van Buren rather than Gen. Harrison. They cannot commit suicide, by voting for an abolitionist. They cannot abandon all their long tried principles of democracy by voting for a man in favor of the highest tariff, of a National Bank and the mildest schemes of Internal Improvement.

But in order to prevent such a calamity pains must be taken to enlighten them, when in error—to reclaim them when misled. Every man who can speak or write should take the field and disseminate correct information; or you may rest assured the vessel of State will be driven by the adverse gales of action and of Federation on the brakers.

Is there nobody in Graham's district or Lewis Williams' to talk or distribute light?

Excuse my earnestness. For unless the South proves true to her old principles and true interests, what can they expect of the northern democracy fighting alone and single handed?

Truly

Levi Woodbury

P. S. I shall take the liberty to send you (a note) occasionally. The defection of N. Car. has already done infinite mischief. Had she elected Saunders the contest in November would have been more spirited.

Buchanan to Brown.

Washington, 30 July 1841.

My dear Sir,

I was most sincerely rejoiced at the receipt of your letter of the 13th Instant. Knowing your aversion to write, I consider a letter from you of eight pages as the highest evidence of your regard: and I can assure you I have no friend with whom I desire to stand higher than yourself. Your frank and manly character has secured my warmest regard. When Old Rip wakes up again to his true interest, you will again be called into public life.

You doubtless take the Globe and therefore I need not inform you of passing events. All the confidential friends of Tyler say that he will veto the Bank Bill: and of this I entertain no doubt, should it remain unchanged as I believe it will in every essential particular. What will be the character of his veto is the important question. If whilst vetoing

Clay's Bill, he endorses the Treasury project, he will sink almost beneath contempt. Clay and his friends may then take Tyler at his word and adopt Ewing's "richetty thing." In that event the stock will not be taken and he will stand disgraced before the world. I believe Tyler desires to set up for himself; and yet he suffers the work of proscription still to proceed. Ewing and Granger are filling all the offices under them, it is said, with Clay's friends. Should he come out boldly and give us an Old Hickory veto, I shall stand by it whilst there is a shot in the locker; but before I enlist, I desire to see him manifest his faith by his works.

King orders me to command you to rouse yourself, to exert all your talents and energies in North Carolina and put down the d—d Whigs. He wants to see you back here again. The beauties of a fine foot and ankle and a luxurious form no longer make the same impression upon him as formerly. He is sinking gracefully into the vale of years; but his will be a green old age. He often speaks of you with great kindness.

I write in the midst of engagements to express my gratification at having opened an epistolary intercourse with a friend whom I so much respect and esteem. When the session is over I shall give you longer letters than I receive: at present I know you will be satisfied with the assurance of my warmest friendship and respect.

James Buchanan.

Hon. Bedford Brown.

Van Buren to Brown.

Kindwhook Jan'y 14 1843

My dear Sir

I have received your kind letter in which you state that you have received one from Genl Romulus M. Saunders, requesting you to inform him whether you had in conversation said as was reported in the Register, that I had told you

"that I had long known him (Saunders) and that he thought no man in N. Carolina capable of filling an office but himself." You add, that in a moment of excitement occasioned by the manner in which the Senatorial election was conducted, you had to your regret, permitted yourself to use my name, in conversation, in reference to Mr. Saunders'—that the precise words employed by you are not recollected, but that the idea intended to be conveyed was that I had remarked that I considered Mr. Saunders as urging his claims to office too much, to the exclusion of others in N. Carolina and that he seemed to consider none others in N. Carolina as capable of filling office, or entitled to fill office but himself—that the communication occurred about the time when the appointment of Mr. Saunders as Commissioner under the French treaty expired and when his name was presented to Genl Jackson for the appointment of Comptroller or Minister to Spain.

Although you do not ask a reply, I can well conceive that it will be agreeable to hear from me on the subject.

After the lapse of so many years, you will not, I am sure, be surprised to learn that I have no recollection of the conversation to which you allude. But whilst this is so, I can not look upon myself to gainsay a statement made by one, in whose purity and love of truth I have such unqualified confidence, as I have in yours, and who was, for obvious reasons more likely to bear the subject in mind. That I ever seriously supposed, that Genl Saunders entertained the extravagant opinion, that in the great and patriotic state of N. Carolina there was no one capable of filling office but himself or designed to attribute such an opinion to him according to the literal import of the expression in the Register, is not at all probable. I remember the fact that Genl Saunders was a candidate for the office of Comptroller upon the expiration of that of Commissioner under the French treaty, but can not call to mind the circumstances under which that application was made or the particular feelings which I entertained

in respect to it, with sufficient certainty, to enable me to speak with safety in respect to them, as to my own knowledge. Your statement leaves me no room to doubt that I was at that time impressed with the opinion and expressed it to you that he was too desirous for office himself and too indifferent to the claims of the rest of his fellow citizens. Of the precise terms in which this opinion was expressed I can not speak (They) may have been stronger (than the) occasion called for, a (result) it is not always in the power (of those) who are in any way (concerned with) the administration of (party) to avoid; but I can safely say (say) that in forming it I was not influenced either by unfriendly feelings toward Mr. Saunders (or) an indisposition to promote (his) wishes in regard to office (or anything) that could be done with what was due to the (party's) service and without injustice (to him)

I am Dr Sir, very truly (your friend) and obedient servant

M. Van Buren.

Hon. Bedford Brown.

Van Buren to Brown.

Lindenwald

October 21st 1844

My dear Sir

Although (un)certain where to address my letter I cannot omit, at least attempting to thank you for your interesting and friendly letter. The sentiments it expresses are precisely those which a knowledge of your character taught me to expect from you. I do not believe that you were ever duly sensible of the estimation in which you have been held by me, since opportunities were afforded me to become thoroughly acquainted with you, and as no possible motive for misconception can any longer exist there is no reason why I should not speak my mind to you without reserve.

Long before the Panick Session I held you in high respect but the proceedings of that most extraordinary session and your noble bearing in it, which was not excelled in any of the great points of character by that of a single senator, seemed to satisfy me that I had before fallen far short of doing justice to your merits. From that period until I left Washington, I never failed to bring your name before our friends when they wanted candidates for Vice President etc. I was thus furnished with opportunities for witnessing how often modest merit has to give way to blustering pretension. With the exception of Col Benton and Mr Wright and Mr Blair I scarcely ever found any whose appreciation of your merit corresponded with my own. Excuse me for inflicting this much upon one so diffident and unpretending as I know you to be. I could not omit it with justice to myself.

I regret your leaving the old North State, for which I cherish feelings of respect and regard, founded upon ancient and honorable recollections, because I fear she can illy spare such men. I have however not the slightest doubt that the welfare of your family if not your own happiness, will be essentially promoted by it. In no state in the union will your merits be more justly appreciated than in that to which you go. If they continue their past well doing, by sustaining their great representative, they will deserve the thanks and (.....) respect of their political brethren throughout the Union. That they will do this I cannot permit myself to doubt.

(Unsigned).

Van Buren to Blair.

Lindenwald

August 16th 52

My dear Blair

Do me the favor to forward this to that best of men Bedford Brown. Where are you and what are you about that I do not hear from you. That promised visit from Mr(s)

Blair and yourself must not be lost sight of. Choose your own time but come if it should not be until late in the season. You have I hope congratulated the Col. on his election. I(t) has refreshed me much and was anticipated with confidence. Present me kindly to your household and believe me

ever your friend

M. Van Buren.

Van Buren to Brown.

Lindenwald

August 16th 52.

My dear Mr. Brown

You will see by the enclosed what use my son Smith has made of the speech you had the goodness to send him and for which I beg you to accept my thanks. Your steady and disinterested friendship since we parted adds one more to the many instances in which I have experienced that those I did the least for whilst at the head of the Government have proved the most reliable friends. In your case instead of using the term least, I should say nothing, although I can with truth say that there was not among my associates in public life a single man in whose patriotism capacity and honor I placed a higher confidence.

Where are you and what are you doing? I have heard of you in Missouri and now again in Virginia. You are I hope happy in all things as you certainly deserve to be. Be assured that you are not likely to overrate either the warmth or the respectful nature of my feelings towards you, feelings which I have embraced every proper opportunity to express. You ought to make me a visit. Nothing would afford me more real pleasure. Do try to do so. Present me very kindly to your Household and believe me

Your friend

M Van Buren

My friend Mr Blair through whom I forward this will always be happy to accompany you to Lindenwald.

Bedford Brown Esq.

Van Buren to Brown.

Lindenwald

Sep 17, 52.

My dear Mr. Brown,

I would have acknowledged the receipt of your kind letter long before this but have had my son Col. Van Buren for a long time dangerously sick at my house. He is now, thank God, convalescent and I hope out of danger, but will I greatly fear never entirely get over the deleterious effects of his Mexican campaign.

I need not (say) my dear Sir, with what satisfaction I read the favourable account your letter gives me of your condition in all essential particulars, and the gratification it affords me to find the good old principles for which we battled together so firmly rooted in your heart and mind. This does not surprise me in the least because I always knew you to be a root and branch man. Such men may be silenced for a season by the depravity of the times and the ascendancy of shiftless and unsound men but they never alter.

If we were to form a judgment from appearance we should be bound to conclude that not only our Great State but almost all the Northern and Western States will go for Pierce and King. I do not allow myself to doubt that such will be in the main the case. But the Whigs, and particularly those of the north and west are a terrible set of fellows. They cannot, apparently, get up the slightest enthusiasm, and yet are quite confident of carrying some two of the three great States. Too sharp sighted not to see that they can not have a hurrah election they resort to the solids, and are attempting every faction by the inducements they think most likely to catch it, money being always a principal ingredient in their dish. The abolitionists and anti renters are the two great separate interests to which their attention is directed. If they could by any possibility get the former to vote their ticket they would without doubt carry this state. The candidate of that party at the last Gov'r election has come out in favor of

Genl Scott under various and very (flimsy) pretences. But I have not the slightest apprehension that they will be able to do that. Their vote will undoubtedly be divided between Hale and candidate of the ultra abolitionists. The Liberty party divided our attention between these two and I think them safe, that is the masses of them, agt the direct use of money. One of the Whig judges has just decided that the Rensselaer title to the manor is good for nothing and that all the unimproved lands in the patent belong to the State. This has of course produced considerable sensation but what its precise effect on the election will be is a question not easy to solve. My belief is that the anti rent party will at their convention take the Whig State ticket and our electoral. If they do it will have a very great effect. The Whig party in New York is influenced by men who are to a great extent themselves, and their friends still more so, deeply interested in the nine million canal contracts which they still hope to realize, notwithstanding the established unconstitutionality of the cause and the equally well established rank corruption of the contracts themselves. Anxious as they are to win the Presidential election, they are still more so in regard to the State Ticket and if they must take the one or the other it will not be the last. So you see how difficult it is to tell with any degree of certainty what the result will be of an election into which such powerful and profligate interests will be introduced. Upon a fair poll between Democrats and Whigs the former would succeed by a tremendous majority and I think they will anyhow.

So far as anything I can do may be regarded as a compliment this letter may be so regarded, for with the exception of an occasional hint to our incorruptible and stirring friend Mr. Blair it is the first and will probably be the last private letter I will write during the canvass. It would make me nervous to (be) cited in the papers for anything I say and I rely upon your discretion upon that point. My health and spirits have not been half so good at any former period of

my life and all I want to make me happy is a visit from Blair and yourself.

Present me very kindly to your household and believe me truly yours

M. Van Buren.

Bedford Brown Esq

Thomas H. Benton to Brown.

July, 6, 1853.

Dear Sir,

I want to write the chapter of the beginning of the slave agitation, as talked of between us when I last saw you. I wish you to call and see me the first time you come to Washington that I may have the benefit of your recollections.

Yours truly,

Thomas H. Benton.

F. P. Blair to Brown.

(Private.)

Silver Spring 30 Oct 55.

Hon Bedford Brown.

Dr Sir

you and I have so long agreed in our views of the public good that I think we will probably be together again in our efforts for it in the coming crisis. I believe that the feud growing out of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise is pregnant with much danger and that moderation and firmness in the next chief Magistrate—somewhat akin to that which distinguished our old Hero—can alone bring the union safely through the trial. Compromise between the extremes North and South is essential to the preservation of peace.

In my late tour through the northern States I frequently heard the name of Col Fremont mentioned by sagacious and devoted friends of the Union as one that might be popular

with the people for the presidency from the instances of his principles which in his youth recommended him to the patronage of Poinsett, then the leader of the Union party in his native state—from his disinterested services to his country as a pioneer and explorer doing much for science and the material interests of the public at his private expense—from his incurring the most dangerous personal responsibility under the secret orders of the Govt before he was to wrest California from the meditated attempt of the British to seize it which his prompt and bold conquest with a handful of men was just in time to anticipate—and from his subsequent military success in completing the annexation which was accomplished by the surrender of the embodied force of the enemy to his Battalion. The persecution he afterwards endured from the enmity of Polk's administration to Col Benton, ending with his dismissal from the army is likely to give his claims a better requital; and the more readily as he bore his wrongs with such patience and renewed his efforts for his country in another capacity with such modest unpretending willingness. The fact that he is not identified with any of the isms of the day—that he has not any tail or clique of partizan followers to provide for,—that he has never by any violent partizan course, offended either of the great parties which made the old divisions is another strong circumstance to recommend him to the present jumble of parties.

Now if you are uncommitted I think with one and other well wishers of the Union that it is worth the experiment to see how Fremont's cause would take with the public. I wish you would write him a letter to ascertain his views in relation to politics generally and the present questions of difficulty especially. If they comported with yours and after consultation with other leading men of your state you should deem them worthy of consideration you might submit them to the public without committal on your part. If in the end it should be found that he was taken up with any

prospect of success and you should lend him your countenance it would avail him much in the South where you are known as one of the truest and ablest of the old Democratic union party. Govr Floyd of your state* thinks well of Fremont as a candidate and some leading men of South Carolina propose him. If you write do it at once and address him here where he will be in a few days. I understand he is now in New York where he is making preparations to bring out the Journal of his Explorations and pioneer adventures

Yr friend ever truly

F. P. Blair

P. S. I do not wish you to let Fremont or indeed any one know that I have written you this letter.

Bedford Brown to James Buchanan.†

Baltimore, Md.

September 21, 1856

My Dear Sir,

I left home a few days since on a visit of business, in the Northern part of Virginia and having progressed that far, I determined to extend my visit to Wheatland that I might pay my respects to you in person and have the pleasure of taking you by the hand. Perceiving, however, by the papers that you were absent several days since, the uncertainty of finding you at home induces me to relinquish my anticipated enjoyment. Believe me, My Dear Sir, when I say, with unaffected sincerity, as time passes onward, I value with added regard, the noble band of patriots and friends with whom it was a pride and pleasure to have been associated with in the National Councils, in days gone by. No one was more gratified at your safe return to America, than myself, and no friend is more pleased at your having been placed in the posi-

*Not of N. C., but of Virginia.—W. K. B.

†The original of this letter is in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. For a copy I am indebted to Dr. John W. Jordan, Librarian of the Society.—W. K. B.

tion which you now occupy, in relation to the people of this republic.

A few words now, explanatory of my own course with respect to the presidential nomination. I returned to N. Carolina last Autumn after an absence of many years and purchased my ancestral possessions which I had sold on leaving the State. After, all political relations had ceased for so long a period between the people of the State and myself, of course both delicacy and propriety dictated, that I should make no effort, to direct public sentiment, as to the nomination. Before, the last annual Message of Genl Pierce and that subsequently written on Kansas affairs, you, I believe, would have been decidedly the choice of the democratic party of N. Carolina. This, however, together, with the influence from Washington occasioned a change in favor of the former. In this state of things, my name was suggested as one of the Delegates to be chosen by the General Democratic convention of the State, to attend Cincinnati.

I consented to be placed in nomination and to represent the will of the convention, at Cincinnati—which I knew, would be expressed for Genl. Pierce—with however the explicit declaration if he was not nominated at Cincinnati that my vote should then be given to yourself. I did not believe at any time, that he could be nominated and entertained the opinion that the ultimate contest would be between yourself and Mr Douglass. That you were, at least the second choice then of N. Carolina, I scarcely have a doubt. That preference was however rendered unavailing, and my vote in the meeting of the delegation, preparatory, to casting its vote in convention, nullified, by their decision to give the entire vote of the State, to Mr. Douglass. Not only that vote, was, as I believe, contrary to the wishes of the majority of the party in N. Carolina, but the vote of our delegation to give a largely ascendant vote to *the Softs* of New York—contrary to my concurrence—was clearly violative of the wishes, of the party of the State. When it was manifest that the ulti-

mate contest, would be between yourself and Mr. Douglass, I did not fail to use every honorable effort, to aid your cause among my numerous friends and acquaintances from other states, however unavailing among the fixed majority in my own delegation. I was extremely mortified by the active administration exertions at Washington, not only to aid the nomination of Genl. Pierce but in the event of his failure to dictate the next choice to the party. Never was there, a more noble and honorable triumph of the popular will achieved, than was by your nomination against these combined influences.

Pardon this explanation which I consider due to a long standing friendship and also to truth. The country is now passing through the most portentous crisis which it has encountered since the revolution. I trust, in God, that the cause now so inseparably connected with its destiny, will triumph as I sincerely believe it will. My own County will vote the Democratic Ticket by eleven hundred majority. The State, I think, by some fifteen or twenty thousand majority. The entire South including Tennessee and Kentucky, will I scarcely have a doubt vote the same way. The battleground most anxiously looked to now is Pennsylvania and the State of Indiana. The first, I will not allow myself to doubt, the last, Govr Bright with whom I conversed on yesterday and who is just from there, gives me very encouraging accounts from. These two states with the vote of the entire South would carry the cause. There are four or five other Northern and Northwestern States that present good prospects.

I was told, on yesterday, by a very influential old line whig of Maryland, who lives in the Prince George District, that a Democratic majority of 1600 is anticipated in the Counties composing it. Heretofore, he informs me, it has given about 1400 *whig* majority.

I have never known such intense excitement as there is in N. Carolina, always before so moderate, as prevails with

respect to the possible chances for Fremont's election. Many are prepared for separation in that event. Those are not, however, my views believing that acquiescence in an election constitutionally made, is both Democratic and proper, unless followed by practical legislative aggression and then the case is plain, however much to be deprecated.

Supposing you to be literally overwhelmed with the letters of numerous correspondents, I request you not to trouble yourself to answer this, however pleasing it would be under different circumstances to receive a letter from you. If you have any paper or Document at any time, that would be of interest, I should be gratified to receive it. My Post Office is Locust Hill, Caswell County, N. C.

With my best wishes for your health and happiness,

I remain, My Dear Sir,

truly your friend

Bedford Brown

Hon. James Buchanan.

Buchanan to Brown.

Wheatland, near Lancaster, Penna.

30 Sep: 56.

My dear sir

I sincerely regret that I have only time to acknowledge the receipt of your kind and interesting letter of the 21st Instant and to say that I cordially reciprocate all the friendly sentiments which you have expressed towards myself. I recollect, with peculiar pleasure, our intercourse in "the auld lang syne" and have watched your wanderings from your native soil with all the interest of warm personal and political friendship. I am convinced that your own happiness will be promoted by your return to the "Old North State" in which I shall always feel much interest.

The shrewdest and most experienced Democratic politi-

cians in this state firmly believe they will carry it in October against all the "isms" now thoroughly fused and combined; but in November they entertain no doubt.

from your friend

very respectfully

James Buchanan.

Hon: Bedford Brown.

THE FOUNDERS OF RICH SQUARE MEETING.*

BY JULIANA PEELE.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century there was a large body of Friends in Southeastern Virginia. These came mostly from the colonies of Pennsylvania and Jersey, with some additions from the Mother Country.

The Friends in Northeastern North Carolina were at the first mainly a continuation of the Virginia Quakers. Their natural increase drove them southward to seek new homes. It may be well to note, however, that about the first seeds of Quakerism in North Carolina were sown by William Edmundson and George Fox, who came on a religious visit to the Albemarle district in the year 1672. These Friends were the first missionaries who travelled within what is now North Carolina. Edmundson was the first to come, and he found but one Quaker in all the province—Henry Phillips, who had come hither in 1668. To this man's house Edmundson immediately went; and there he held the first meetings for worship ever held in the State. Thus we see that the peaceful Quaker was the first to proclaim the gospel of love within our borders.

Edmundson seems to have found the inhabitants in an unsettled condition, with no sort of religious confirmation. "They came," said he, "and sat down in the meetings smoking their pipes, and the Lord's power broke forth among us and many were convinced." The growth of Quakerism in what is now Pasquotank and Perquimans counties was also rapid, for the records show that from 1681 to 1685 they were frequently setting up monthly and quarterly meetings, and a yearly meeting was held among them in 1698.

The pioneer members of Rich Square Meeting were but an extended and extending wing of the Virginia Quakers,

*This article was first published in the *Roanoke Chowan Times*. It is here reprinted with a few changes and notes furnished by Mr. W. A. Bryan as the introduction to a more comprehensive study of the records of the Friends in Northampton county.—W. K. B.

together with some additions from the more eastern meetings of North Carolina. All along in and between the dates of 1730 and 1760, and even later, we find records of deeds to lands bought by some of these in Bertie, Hertford, and Northampton counties (though Northampton was not formed till 1741). Two meetings for worship were regularly held in private houses prior to the building of old Rich Square Meeting House—one in Hertford, the other in Northampton.

However, in 1760 their numbers had so increased that they builded a house for worship, and requested a monthly meeting. This was granted by Eastern Quarterly Meeting of Friends; and the first monthly meeting was held in the new house the seventh of June, 1760. I believe the records of this monthly meeting from its establishment nearly one hundred and forty years ago to the present time have been preserved intact.*

Upon the roll of members registered soon after the meeting was settled we find the following names: Page, Hall, Copeland, Gray, Peele, Jacobs, Parker, White, Ross, Pitman, Knox, Hollowell, Brown, Griffin, Elliott, Baughm, Outland and others.†

Space permits that only a few of the prominent characters be treated. John Copeland came from Perquimans county and settled near what is now the village Ahoskie. A weekly

*I heard of these records just before the past Christmas holidays and made a special trip to the home of the writer and looked over the records of this meeting, which date back to 1760. They are in good condition and contain much material which is of historical interest. Many of them relate to marriages among the Friends, and to those who have never had the pleasure of seeing a Quaker marriage they would be highly interesting. This society keeps a complete record of all the marriages among its members, especial care being taken that none marry outside the fold. I think members have been expelled for disobeying in this respect, but the rules are not so stringent now as in the early days. Possibly the part of these records which is of greatest historical interest is that which relates to the Quaker in his relation to slavery. The slaves were early freed and to these people is due in a great degree the early sentiments against the evil of slavery. The writer takes this question up in another part of this article.—W. A. B.

†Many of the Friends now living in the vicinity of Rich Square bear these names, showing that they have lived true to the faith of their fathers.—W. A. B.

meeting for worship was held at his house before Rich Square meeting house was built. Thomas Knox came from Isle-of-Wight county, Virginia, and settled near where Thomas C. Peele now resides.* Knox was one of the first overseers of the meeting, a man much used upon important committees, and the one left to complete the meeting-house, and have it properly registered. This he did and reported it to the meeting second month, seventh day, 1761. Robert Peele, Sr., came from Nansemond county, Virginia, about 1742 and settled most probably near the village Woodland. When his son Robert took the home, a weekly meeting for worship was also held at his house.

Moses Hall, Sr., was also much used in the early days of this meeting. Whence he came, the writer has no certain knowledge, but it is believed upon good authority that he settled not far from the home of the late Joseph Hall,† and that he owned a large body of land thereabout.

Richard Jordan stands out in bold relief among the early Friends of Rich Square. Though he came here from Isle-of-Wight county, Virginia, eight years after the meeting-house was built and may not strictly be considered a founder, yet his deep earnest christian life was a strong source of ingathering during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. He was a minister of the gospel with a large gift. We find this entry in his journal, written in old age: "I have now visited many of the smaller meetings, and all the yearly meetings for discipline in the world, some of them several times; and have everywhere been treated with courteous consideration." Were the historian to search the early records of Rich Square Monthly Meeting he would soon notice that the name of John Peele is the one which appears most frequently upon its pages. He came from Nansemond county, Virginia, and settled probably about a mile from the old Peele home-

*This is the home of the writer, and is slightly over two miles west from Rich Square.—W. A. B.

†Adjoining the land of T. C. Peele, referred to above.—W. A. B.

stead recently owned by William T. Peele. He, too, like many others of the early settlers, was a large landholder. Tradition says his plantation extended all the way from his residence to the Roanoke River. He married a certain Mary Nasworthy, only daughter of a wealthy Virginia planter, and from them descended the Peeles of Northampton county. He was a man of a fair education, for one of his time, wrote a good hand, and endeavored to educate his children. One of his sons became a medical doctor—John Peele, father of the late Isaac Peele and grandfather of the Peele family of Jackson, N. C. He, as well as other Friends, owned a large number of slaves.

Rich Square Monthly Meeting was settled just about the time when a few of North Carolina Friends were beginning to feel that slavery was an evil from which the Lord was requiring the Quakers to cleanse their hands. From 1758 to about 1800 various concerns of the body and plans for the amelioration or emancipation of their slaves are to be found on record.

The course at last pursued by North Carolina Friends was for the owners of the slaves to transfer them to trustees appointed by the meeting, whose duty it was to look after these wards, hire them out to suitable parties, receive their wages, and use the same for their benefit, and to provide means to transport them either to a free state or to Liberia whenever way opened for it. Among our old family papers the writer has found a list of the names and dates of birth of sixty negroes, born to her great-grandfather, John Peele, and transferred to two of his sons, Edmund and Thomas, and by them, in 1809, to the trustees of the meeting. Another list names fourteen negroes belonging to the same Edmund Peele, that appear to have come to him by his wife, also transferred upon the same date to the trustees of the Meeting. Another list gives names and dates of birth of twenty Quaker negroes, sent through the trustees to Indiana; another of twenty-eight who were sent to Liberia in 1827, and still

another of fifty-eight who doubtless were also sent to Liberia. Doubtless, similar papers could be found in other Friends' families. In this connection, it may be well to state that the aged and infirm negroes generally remained with their former master.

The Friends possessed true Southern hospitality, enjoyed social gatherings and big weddings. After one of great-grandfather John Peele's daughters was married, in Rich Square Meeting House, he got upon a stump in the grove, and invited the entire meeting to go home with him and dine. Tradition gives several other similar instances.

An old time Quaker marriage would be a novel thing today. When two members intended marriage with each other, they both appeared in a monthly meeting, the man went into the women's meeting, took the woman by the hand, and led her into the men's meeting. There they declared their intention of marriage with each other, then they went back into the women's meeting, and again declared the same intention. After this was done the meeting usually appointed a committee to ascertain whether they were clear of other marriage engagements, and to obtain the consent of the parents or guardians of such as were minors. At the next monthly meeting the parties re-appeared, and in the same manner, expressed their continued intentions, and asked liberty to marry. If the committee entrusted with the case reported favorably, and the meeting was satisfied, they were left at liberty to marry. Wedding presents were often given, but by the nearest connections only.

That the founders of Rich Square Meeting were alive in their faith, is evident not only by their patient endurance of losses and reproaches, both during the War of the Revolution and in the work of freeing their slaves, but they were growing in numbers, for in 1768 they settled a new meeting in Edgecombe county, and in 1794 a monthly meeting was established in the upper part of this county, at a place called

Jack Swamp; while the membership in these parts was scattered or spread over five counties.

By consulting the records one notices a pretty general decline of the Quakers about the close of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries. The historian would naturally ask, "What caused this decline?" If he searches for the answer to this question he will find that though there were many minor reasons the one far more effective than any or all others was slavery.

After the invention and introduction of the cotton gin, cotton became a staple crop in North Carolina, and the State at once determined to keep the negro. The Quaker felt that she could not keep him and so thousands of them emigrated to the new lands of the free middle West. In some instances whole meetings went at one time. Jack Swamp was almost an example of this. In the year 1810 the writer's mother with her parents went with about forty others from this immediate neighborhood to Mount Pleasant, Ohio.

**THREE LETTERS RELATING TO CONDITIONS IN
EASTERN CAROLINA IN 1864.**

The originals of the following letters are in the possession of the Trinity College Historical Society. They illustrate conditions in Eastern North Carolina during the last year of the Civil War. General J. R. Stubbs, to whom they were addressed, was a member of the State Senate and Chairman of the Military Committee, and was then living in Raleigh. Because the local history of Halifax and Martin counties is unwritten, some desirable notes and references are omitted; but just as they are, the letters may be of service to him who shall in the future write that history, and if reading them may lead some one to investigate the life in that section during the period of the war, their publication will be more than justified.

WILLIAM K. BOYD.

Major Gilliam to Stubbs.

At Home Sunday night.*

My dear Stubbs:

Our people are somewhat exercised over a yankee raid from below and I write to give you what news I have. Our last is by Dick who left Shep's before day this morning. On Friday and yesterday Capt. Pitt fought them from Gardiners Bridge to Foster's Mill. Yesterday evening they pressed him back from the latter place and they camped at Skewanky. A few officers went to Williamston after night. All of our soldiers except Pitt's Company and one piece and its men of the alla. Battery had been sent to Weldon. Last night four companies of infantry reached Spring Green to help Pitt. The force of the enemy is variously estimated. Pitt says there are 1200. Mathusbee saw their camp fires last night and he thinks there is a brigade. They have but six

*Probably written from Halifax in December, 1864.

pieces of artillery. Our pickets this morning were at Newt Allsbrooks. Nothing more is known. Their gunboats had not reached Williamston. It is said one was blown up by a torpedo. I do not think they will come above Williamston. Whitford, at Tranter's creek will be in their rear if they do—and unless Pitt understates them his force is equal to theirs. Of course they know his position and strength. If they were strong and intended coming farther they would not have consumed two days from Gardens Bridge to Williamston. We have quite a body of troops at Weldon and they are no longer needed there and I presume others reached Pitt this morning. Your folks were well on yesterday. Mathusbee sent Adeline and Winney and their children down into Shep's negro quarters and has hid your horse and provided as well as he could for your hogs. Your Perry place is probably safe, unless the negroes choose to run off. I shall go down in the morning with all who will join in. Should have done so today but heard the yankees had gone back from Fosters Mill. His mill was burnt—no other burning up to this morning—though I fear Jo Biggs has one cotton gin less. I will add to this what I may hear later in the morning. I shall see the mail man from Hamilton. I am of the opinion that they will not go as far as your family. Shep, with Church, Mathusbee, Sylvester Hapell Ben Jewett are now in camp, in the swamp. Major Magill has vanished.

Monday Morning

Our last news was from Hamilton at 1 O. C. yesterday. The Yankees were still at Skewanky. Fagan says from their camp fires which he counted there are not more than 600 in all of which 80 are cavalry and not more than 2 pieces of artillery. We have reinforcements of infantry and artillery—some regulars besides those first reported.

I think they have by this time gone back—they have not put a picket this side of town. In my opinion you need not

give yourself much concern—there are not enough of them to scatter through the country and so your Perry place will in all probability be treated with its past neglect. I trust so. I will write again by next mail if no earlier opportunity offers. It is as cold as hell. My wood is low and I am certainly better off than you. I have eggnog morning and night—a barrel of good brandy helps as a convenience in house keeping amazingly. Give my love to our friends. You know them. I will come up in a few days. There are several sales to come off soon when (pork?) is to be sold which I must attend to buy for my sister. Nothing else keeps me here.

Most truly,

Gilliam.

Major Gilliam to General Stubbs.

Halifax 15 Dec 64

Dear Stubbs—

I tried to write you on yesterday but the mail left me. I came from Hamilton on Tuesday—about a thousand yankees went up crossed Curoh's creek below Butler's Bridge at an old mill, flanked our little force at the bridge and ran them off—remained six or eight hours at Jack Shmads and went back. The fort had but 14 effective men, but was not attacked. They did no damage there nor in the cont. They came and went the Spring Green road and I am sure did not interfere with you. They damaged Hassel I understand—stole his wife's clothes and his money. I could have gone down to your place but Butler's bridge was burned by them when they left. I think they robbed Job Ewell for prisoners taken by us were drunk, they said on his brandy. Jim Hinton was picked up on a scout. Zillowhy in command now—a good exchange for us. I'll write again by next mail.

I'll be with you next Wednesday and bring some rip. Sorry to hear you are sick. Love to Daniel Carrie and all.

Truly

Gilliam.

F. W. Moore to Stubbs.

Tarboro Dec 20 64

Genl J R Stubbs

Dear Sir

Yours of the 17th is to hand and thought I would write you a line or so if in time. I have written H. D. R. today to send Weathersbee word to send for you. The Yankees are in Winston and are on the road in force so I think it doubtful about H. D. R. Sending word or Mr. Weathersbee sending. 8 Gun Boats and 1500 land troops are at Williamston and advancing. Genl Seventhrope will start them back in short as he is after them. I must communicate bad news to you though I regret to do so. The enemy took every thing you had at the Perry place negroes Horses Mules Hogs and burnt all the Houses barns etc as I understand from G. M. Burros. Genl I live about Two Miles from Town When you reach Tarboro come and stay with me until your conveyance comes after you.

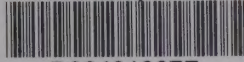
I am very Resply yours

F. W. Moore

P S I want you to be certain to come.



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